# Recollections Of A Rebel Surgeon And Other Sketches: Or In The Doctor's Sappy Days (1899)

F. E. Daniel

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# RECOLLECTIONS

OF A

# REBEL SURGEON

(AND OTHER SKETCHES)

OR

## IN THE DOCTOR'S SAPPY DAYS.

BY

F. E. DANIEL, M. D.

*ILLUSTRATED.*

1899:
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Thank you for your understanding.

TO THE MEMORY OF
MY FRIEND,
THE GENIAL AND GENTLE
SWEARINGEN,
KNIGHTLY SOLDIER, WISE PHYSICIAN,
MODEL MAN,
THIS UNPRETENTIOUS LITTLE BOOK
IS LOVINGLY DEDICATED.

M12833

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## ERRATA.

On page 123, 3rd and 4th lines, for "primative" read "primitive," and for "solider's" read "soldier's".

On pages 124 and 125, for "malinguerers" read "malingerers".

On page 129, for "Grant" read "Sherman".

On page 157, for "Chattanooga Telegraph" read "Chattanooga Rebel".

On page 219, near bottom, for "funeral" read "funereal".

On page 232, for "conquored" read "conquered".

[There may be others; these are all I have found.—D.]

Dr. Dick Taylor, of Memphis.

A Close Call: A Bad Run, and a Worse Stand.

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# INTRODUCTORY.

OFFICE TEXAS MEDICAL JOURNAL,
AUSTIN, TEXAS, 1899.

THE OLD DOCTOR—the narrator of these reminiscences, is well known to the readers of *The Texas Medical Journal.* He is the *Journal's* "Fat Philosopher," "Our Genial Friend," "The Jolly Old Doctor," etc., as he is variously called, through whom the editor has for some years gotten off "good jokes," especially on himself; and who, now and then, has been in the habit of dropping in in the *Journal's* sanctum and regaling ye tired editor and employes with his humorous views of things.

It is an interesting and somewhat remarkable fact that most Southern men, especially of the older generation, however well educated, and who write and speak the English language correctly, nevertheless, in their familiar social intercourse make use of expressions which they know to be grammatically incorrect. I attribute it largely, if not altogether, to early associations with the black slaves of the South, our nurses in childhood. It is disappearing with the younger generations. It is not "slang" so much as a corruption or mispronunciation of words, or the lack of a distinct pro-

nunciation of each syllable, and the consequent running together of words. For illustration, take the very general use of such words as "ca'nt," "dont," "ain't," "wa'nt," "twa'nt," "narry," (never a) etc., words proper enough if pronounced and used as they should be; but custom has sanctioned the use of a plural noun with a verb singular, and *vice versa*, and we have such vulgarisms as "they das'nt" (dares not), and "he dont," etc.

There are many words and expressions in general use in the South which have become idiomatic, having lost their original meaning, and acquired a significance altogether different. "Shonuff," one of the commonest words in daily use in the more familiar intercourse,—for, in polite society when one is on his "p's" and "q's" he doesn't use such words,—is used in a sense of "real" or "true," as opposed to false or pretended, and not in the sense of "sure enough" or of "certainty." Another word of the kind is "sorter." One would think it was used in a sense of "sort of" or "kind of," but not so. "Sorter" indicates degree. But of all the words of this kind in general use, and with a perverted meaning, I believe that "tollible" is the commonest and most generally employed by black and white, and by well educated persons. Naturally one would suppose that it meant "tolerable," that which can be tolerated, or borne. But it has acquired a meaning altogether different, and is used and intended as a qualifying adverb. Few persons

seem able to find any other word with which to express the state of health of either themselves or their family; and when interrogated on that head, the invariable reply is "tollible," or "just tollible." I have been told of an old farmer who looked up the word in the dictionary, and was much disgusted to find it spelled, as he said, "entirely wrong," and having a meaning altogether different from the accepted one; and he said:

"Webster is away off on 'tollible.' He spells it with an 'er,' and says it means 'that which can be endured or tolerated,' when you and I and every other fool knows that it dont mean any such thing. I say 'my health is tollible.' Dont any fool know that good health is not endured or borne or tolerated?"

Notwithstanding what has been said about enduring or tolerating good health, there is a large class of Southern people who invariably speak of "enjoyin' very poor health," in a sense of "having" poor health.

Of this class of expression I must mention the very general use of "I used to could," or "I used to couldn't" do a certain thing.

There is another peculiarity of the Southern vernacular: It is the pronunciation, or rather, the mispronunciation of certain words. For instance: We do not say "corn," but "cawn"; New York is "New Yawk"; Saturday is "Saddy," and dog is "dawg."

Some years ago while attending a meeting of the American Medical Association in Washington city, as a delegate from Texas, I had the honor to be the guest of my distinguished friend, the late Doctor Baxter, Surgeon-General of the army. He, like myself, was very fond of fishing; and after the business was finished which took me to Washington, we went down the Potomac to "Four-Mile-Run" fishing for "porgies," the doctor called them. I didn't know what a "porgie" was; they don't grow in Texas. Presently the doctor caught a fish that was new to me, and I asked:

"Doctor, is that a 'porgie' or a trout?"

He laughed immoderately at my pronunciation of "trout."

He said: "Listen at Dan'els calling a 'trowt' (heavy accent on the "w") a 'trut.'"

I said: "Listen at Baxter calling a trout a 'trowt.'"

That was Vermont against Virginia: and while there was a big difference in our pronunciation, I observed with some surprise that he said "listen at." Until that time I had supposed that "listen at" was a Southern vulgarism.

Many words are pronounced differently north and south. There are many exceptions. There is one brilliant exception which I trust indulgent readers will pardon me for mentioning in this connection: It is a proper noun, and is universally mispronounced. Yea, from Maine to Mexico; from Key

West to Klondike; from Carolina to far Cathay; from Alabama to the Aleutian Islands,— by native and foreign,—by Jew, Gentile, Pagan and Poet; by Scot and Hun, Frank and Celt, saint and sinner, the patrician patronym "Daniel" is called "Dan'els," with a long accent on the first syllable, and an extra "s" is tacked on.

"I have studied "Trenck on Words"; I have dipped more or less into philology, and I can understand how the beautiful Virginia name "Fontleroy" came down through the generations from "*Enfants de le Roi*," the inscription on the banner of the Crusaders carried by the ancestors of that old family; I can understand that "Toliver" and "Smith" are the same name; "Toliver" being a corruption of "Talliafero," which means a "worker in iron,"—hence, a smith,—hence, "Smith." But for the life of me I cannot understand by what universal perverseness my name should be and is distorted into "Dan'els." It is provoking; but, then, what are you going to do about it?

For the purposes of these few brief and unpretentious sketches the Old Doctor is a portly gentleman of sixty years of age, with a benevolent countenance which is always upon the point of breaking out into wreathes of smiles, while little dabs of humor hang from the corners of his mouth, and fun twinkles in his honest blue eyes. He resides at the classical village of "Hog Wallow," this county, and he honors the *Journal* with a visit every time he

comes to Austin. He is a typical Virginia gentleman of the older generation, and like all others of his class, when his reserve is thrown off, in familiar social intercourse, he uses the idioms that characterize the educated men of the Old South. Unknown to the doctor, we rigged up a phonograph inside of the desk at which he always sits, concealed by a thin curtain, and we have been enabled thus to catch his interesting talks with all the sparkle and snap of spontaneity,—their principal charm.

As will be seen upon examination, the following reminiscences are mostly humorous (alleged); some are sad; some pathetic; and they were all actual occurrences; no fiction, but all fact. They do not relate to the professional duties of the army surgeon,—(as might be supposed from the title of the book),—but very little; but are, for the most part, recollections of fun, frolic, fishing or flirting, as the case may be, "endurin' of the war," in the doctor's "sappy" days. To these have been added a few of the Old Doctor's later-day observations, which, while irrelevant to the subject proper, it is thought are too good to keep.

F. E. Daniel, M. D.

# RECOLLECTIONS

OF A

# REBEL SURGEON.

## THE OLD DOCTOR TALKS—HIS RETROSCOPE.

OFFICE TEXAS MEDICAL JOURNAL.
AUSTIN, TEXAS, 1899.

THE OLD DOCTOR sat down in our easy chair, as usual, it being, by common consent, even of the office boy, understood to be preempted by and for him whenever he should drop in; and without any preliminaries, began:

When the war broke out I was not quite twenty-two. The battle of Bull Run (18th of July, 1861) was fought on my twenty-second birthday, and I was there with a musket, a private soldier.

I cast my maiden vote against secession, I want it remembered; by posterity, especially, as it is a matter of great importance to the truth of history. I was opposed to secession, not because I thought the South was not justified, under the circumstances, but because I did not believe there was a possibility of the South's being permitted to "go

in peace." The love of the Union was strong, and the opposition to slavery, the result of the fifty years quarrel over it, had attained almost the aspects of a religious crusade. What the South claimed as a right, guaranteed by the Constitution, the North regarded as a monstrous wrong, an evil which had been tolerated as long as an advanced civilization and a growing humanity would permit, and the abolition party, the strongest in the North, practically said: "Constitution be hanged, the evil of slavery is a blot on civilization and must go"; and it went,—and I am glad it went. Although a slave owner myself, and my family had been for generations, I was an advocate of gradual emancipation. Hence, recognizing that, call it by whatever name we will, put the pretext for secession on "principle," State Rights, or what not; refine it as we will, slavery was the real issue of the war; and it goes without saying that had the South gained independence slavery would, in all human probability, have still been an "institution" in the country. Hence, as I said, I was opposed to the war from every standpoint. In the first place the hope of coping successfully against such great odds as the South had to encounter was a forlorn hope, indeed; and if there were any in the South who hoped for "peaceable secession" they were badly left. But when the State, my State, then,—Mississippi, seceded, and the alternative was to take up arms for or against the South, there were no two

ways about it, and I joined the first company ready to leave my town.

So, the war came on; my vote didn't stop it you see, and everybody had to go in the army. Those that did'nt volunteer were made to "volunteer"; see? Funny thing how some fellers can sit in offices and send you and me and every other feller out to fight, whether we want to go or not; when, in fact, we had rather stay at home and play marbles, or hunt the festive squirrel, or spark the girls; eh, Dan'els?

And, Dan'els (he always would call me "Dan-'els, confound him), looking back at it now through the vista of thirty odd years,—you are, I believe, a just man, a good man,—my wife says I am, but then she is partial, you know. I don't see how you and I and others of our sort could ever for a moment have tolerated, condoned, thought slavery was right. Well, we were born into the world and found it here, and thought not much about it at first. But there is no consideration that could now induce us to have it restored; we are happily rid of it. Why, we smile at the blindness and bigotry of good "old Mrs. Watson," who was so grieved because she could not Christianize Huck Finn; at the same time she was offering a reward of $200 for the arrest of her run-away-nigger, Jim, and proposed to sell him for $800. Yet she was but the type of many thousands of truly pious people in the South, who saw nothing un-Christian

in selling a "nigger." And that, Dan'els, only thirty odd years ago. Doesn't is look paradoxical even to us, the survivors of the terrible struggle?

But look here, Dan'els, I don't like to talk about unpleasant things; it's against my principles, and it's against the principles of my Retroscope.

"What is your Retroscope, Doctor?"

Dan'els, said he, when you were a boy did you ever look through the butt-end of a telescope?

"Yes, of course," said I; "why?"

Didn't it make things look away off yonder? That's the way the war looks now; it seems like it was a thousand years ago. But I have an instrument of my own invention which not only brings things near, like a telescope does when the little end is used; but when I look into the past it has not only the faculty of making things look like 'twas only yesterday, but it brings the past in review before me in sections, with the added effect of bringing out, conspicuously and in bold relief, all the pleasant things, all the funny things, all the amusing or ridiculous memories, and of suppressing or effacing the painful, disagreeable ones, or rounding off the rough edges, at least. It's a fact. When we look back at the war, with all its horrors and sufferings, it is remarkable that my memory brings to light mainly the funny side, or the pleasant side of those days of privations and sacrifice and suffering.

I reckon my Retroscope is something like Edi-

son's great invention, whereby he grinds granite mountains into fine dust, and separates all the iron ore,—the only valuable part, and sells it. My "machine" extracts and parades before my mind only the laughable or pleasant incidents of that painful period; and there is a lot of it; and, good Lordy,—what a lot of worthless "sand." They say, tho', that Edison has found a market even for his sand; the iron sells itself.

(Here the Old Doctor took out his knife and chipped a splinter from the edge of the desk, and shaping out a tooth pick, leaned back in my easy chair, and closing his eyes ruminated a little.)

Sell the best part of my "siftings"? Make marketable my recollections of the funny things that happened during the war? said he. Jokin', ain't you, Dan'els? Well, I'll ask my wife about it. There's a lot of "trash" on the literary market now, and they *do* say there's money in "junk." We would have to call it "Placer Mining for Jokes," eh, Dan'els? But I tell you here and now, I can't talk to order, nor talk to a machine; so, if you want to get down any of my recollections you'll have to stenograph it without my knowledge; and if you sell it you've got to give me half; you hear?

(It was then we put in the phonograph, as stated in the Introductory, and the Doctor does not know to this day that he has been "taken down"; a pretty good joke itself.)

## SUNSHINE SOLDIERING.

"There's a fascination in the beginning of all things."

WHAT crude conceptions of war we did have, to be sure! said the Old Doctor. (He had come into the office in a reminiscent mood, it was evident; and taking his customary seat began at once to talk of the past, all unconscious of the fact that even his gurgling laugh was being faithfully recorded. What a pity it cannot be reproduced on paper!)

When we went into camp, out in an adjoining old field near our town, each company had its clean new tents, and every man a cot and comfortable things, and it was a picnic. It was real fun. Nothing to do but drill a little, and have dress parade, —and the balance of the day lie in our tents, or under the shade of the big oaks and read. It was in the lovely month of May, a time when nature is at her best, and all things are lovely. Oh, the recollection of those days! The ladies would come out from town to visit the boys and witness dress parade; and the cakes, and pies, and the roast turkeys, and the sweets of all kinds! (No wonder diarrhœa soon broke out in camp.) The boys,—they were all "boys," however mature, were simply deluged with flowers. The bouquets we *did* get, to be sure! And every feller had a sweetheart, of course. Such times! Oh, the glorious days of

youth, when the blood is warm and quick,—and "the heart beats high at the glance of" Susan Maria's "eye," or words to that effect. We just ate and flirted and drilled and *played* soldier.

It was too good to last; and bye and bye companies began to be assembled at various rendezvous, and regiments to be formed, and we went to Corinth. Now, as James Whitcomb Riley says of "Jim," that he was just as good soldierin' as he was "no 'count farmin',"—Corinth was just as disagreeable as Jackson had been pleasant. We left all the girls behind,—and the pies, made by feller's mothers,—not your *army* pies of a subsequent date, of which I will tell you some day. We left the bouquets and the good victuals, and the smiles all behind us; tho' the soldier was smiled on all along the road, and everywhere, at first, by all the ladies, and there was an added charm to the soldier's life. All conventionalities were set aside; every soldier was petted, and he could talk to the girls without an introduction. All social distinctions were brushed away, and every soldier, however humble, was a hero. The ladies would give him flowers, and praise him; tell him what a fine soldier he was, as they pinned them on for him. And, Dan'els, between me and you, that is one thing that made our boys so brave, and made them endure privations with such fortitude; the thought of what would be said of him at home. It is pride, pride of character that makes a soldier

brave. But for that, there are few who would "seek the bubble reputation at the cannon's mouth," I tell you; for it ain't any fun, you bet.

To give you an idea of my conception of war,—notwithstanding I had read a great deal of history, of course,—I took along a sole-leather valise with me, full of broadcloth suits, patent leather shoes, linen shirts, fancy socks and ties. I had an idea (what a fool I was), that both armies would march out in an open place and meet by a kind of understanding, and after a few selections by the band, go to fighting; and at sunset, or sooner, the one that whipped would have some more music by the band, and then we'd retire. We were to be the ones that whipped, of course;—and then for the social part of it; and there is where the good clothes were to come in, see?

And, do you know, every feller in our company,—it was made up of college boys or young professional men, society men,—the "better class" so-called,—took along a trunk full of the same kind of clothes? The last I ever saw of my sole-leather valise and my good clothes, my long-tailed coat and my pretty socks and cravats and things, was at Manassas Junction. Came an order that all baggage was to be sent to the rear; that every feller was to carry his outfit on his back, like a snail or turtle (except that we had knapsack and the turtle didn't). And one blanket, rolled lengthwise and swung around the neck was to be his bed. This, with the old

Springfield rifle (with which we were first armed, weighing about fifteen pounds), a heavy leather cartridge box full of bullets, a tin canteen, a white cotton bag swung from the neck to hold your grub, constituted our outfit; and instead of fine clothes we were reduced to a coarse gray flannel shirt, blue cotton pants and a belt. That was our summer rig; pretty tough, wasn't it?

At first we all had tents,—each tent a fly, which we stretched in front of the tent as a kind of front gallery, a tent to each eight boys. We had, each mess, a camp kettle of sheet iron, about the size of a small nail keg, and we had tin cups and tin plates and iron knives and forks and spoons. Our rations consisted of fresh beef, corn meal, rice, molasses, salt, and, at first, a little sugar. This was seldom varied (tho' we could buy milk, butter, eggs, poultry and anything else,—those who had money). And a little bacon at intervals was esteemed a great luxury. Camp life was still a picnic; we did nothing but drill a little, and laze. How distinctly I remember the sensations of early camp life just after our arrival at Manassas. We were amongst the first to arrive. Our white tents spread over a lovely green lawn, speckled with white clover-blossoms, a snow white village, surrounded by thickets of pine; the dark green contrasting so beautifully in the summer sun with the white tents, made a picture long to be remembered.

Under the shade of the pines and cedars the boys

picked the wild strawberries and dewberries; and the cool, clear little stream, as yet undefiled by aggregations of men, that within a stone's throw of us wended its way to the sea, was a source of keen enjoyment to the young fellows. Privileges were easily obtained from the officers, then; we were all "chums" at home, and discipline was as yet unknown. Such bathing in the little stream, and such trying to fish,—for there were no fish in it larger than a minnow.

But, oh, Lordy! That didn't last long. When we started on the march,—all baggage sent to the rear,—tents ditto, or given to the staff officers,—cooking utensils followed next, till later, we had to carry all on our backs,—fry our meat on the end of a ram-rod, and make bread in silk handkerchief, or in the company's towel.

"Tut, tut, Doctor, what are you giving us?" Hudson said, while Bennett grinned.

Fact, said the Old Doctor; you ask any of the boys who were soldiers in Old Virginia, and they will corroborate my statements. Ask Dan'els.

On our first march I found my knapsack too heavy, and I went through it to lighten it. I took out my extra drawers, my extra undershirt, my extra socks (we wore a flannel top-shirt all the while; didn't need change), I couldn't throw any of them away; my towel and soap; couldn't spare them; my smoking tobacco,—couldn't find a blessed thing that I could throw away, except two sheets

of letter paper and two envelopes, on which I had expected to write to my sweetheart: fact!

# AT MANASSAS.

## DISINTERESTED SOLICITUDE.

"A fellow-feeling makes us wondrous kind."

IN THE company was a fat young fellow about twenty-two, named Bright. He was real fat; about the size of Governor Hogg,—and like all fat men, but me,—he was jolly. He was the life of the camp. The least exertion would make him blow like a porpoise. He wasn't fit for a soldier; had no business being there. He was a college boy, and a great Shakspearian quoter. We had also in the company an elderly gentleman, about fifty,—Mr. Russell,—and his two grown sons. Mr. Russell was a quiet, grave gentleman, and the boys all looked up to him and showed him respect. He was a strong, healthy man, in the prime of life,—but the others, so much younger than he, screened him whenever they could from exposure to night duty and labor as much as possible.

I was first sergeant, and the captain had requested me to practice the men in running,—*i. e.*, in the double-quick movement.

It was a lovely June morning,—getting pretty warm. The band out in the edge of the pine thicket was practicing a new piece; the air was odorous of clover blossoms and sweet peas, and young grass rudely trodden by the feet of the men, as they were put through the company drill; and at the command "double quick,—march!" away we went, up one slope, down another, over the lovely green sward,—practicing how we *could* run (away from the yankees, had such a contingency ever suggested itself to any of us). Oh, it was a frolic. At the command "halt!" such a merry, ringing laugh went up from the young scamps,—who really enjoyed it.

Mr. Russell had taken a seat on a log, and was gently fanning himself with his hat,—cool and collected,—when Bright wobbled up to me, swabbing his face with a red handkerchief, whose color his face discounted ten per cent.,—and in disjointed ejaculations as he could get his breath, said:

"Sergeant,—I wouldn't—make—the—men double-quick up hill; it tires Mr. Russell so bad!"

At night, while "the pale inconstant moon rode majestically thro' the blue cloudless sky" (see G P. R. James' novels), we boys lying outside of the tent on the grass, gazing skyward, were thinking of the loved ones at home,—of our sweethearts, and of course many of the chaps were homesick. Billy Lewis, who was a nice, clean little law student,—

as much fit for a soldier as a canary bird is to make a chicken pie,—he had it bad.

"Heigh-ho," he said, "I wish I was at home."

"Heigh-ho," said Bright, just as solemnly, "I wish I had some butter milk."

And as the "Liztown Humorist" says, "You'd oughter heard 'em yell."

## THE DOCTOR GETS DINNER.

BEFORE we struck camp and went to marching, said the Old Doctor;—before they took our tents away, and our camp-kettles, we fared nicely. Nearly every mess in our company had a negro servant, belonging to some one of the boys; and thus our cooking was done as it should have been done,—considering. Our cook belonged to Gwyn Yerger, as fine a young fellow as you ever saw, and as gallant as Custer, whom, by-the-bye, he strikingly resembled; tall, straight; a blue-eyed blonde;—of course he was very popular with the ladies; tell you a good one on him some day.

Well,—Gus,—that's the negro cook,—got sick, and we fellers had to take it turn-about cooking. I was a little pale-faced, beardless, dandified med-

ical student, and knew about as much about cooking as a cat; but it came my turn. I never let on, but went and got the rations for the mess from the commissary, and put it all on to cook for one meal. I was a little jubous about the rice. I had seen a roast on the table at home as large as our piece of beef, and I thought I was doing the right thing to cook it all at once, so as to have it cold for luncheon, as I had seen done at home. But the rice; there was about two gallons of it, I suppose;—so I said to George Newton, one of my mess-mates:

"George, how much rice ought we to cook for dinner?"

"Oh, I don't know," said George; "about a peck, I reckon."

Thus assured, I was confident that our water bucket half-full would be none too much;—so I put her in,—and

"George," said I; "how much water ought I to add to the rice?" George was trying to go to sleep; he had just come off of guard.

"Oh, I don't know," said George, "fill the kettle, I reckon." He turned over to get a fresh hold on his nap.

So, I filled the four-gallon camp kettle about half-full of rice, and poured in water up to the brim, and set it on a roaring fire. Presently it began to boil, and, oh, horrors! to slop over. That would never do; we had none to spare, and couldn't afford to waste it.

"George," I called out again, "this dawgawnd rice has *swelled;* its boiling over; what shall I do?"

"Oh, don't bother me so, Dick. Scoop her out and put it into the vessels we eat out of," said George; and he went back to sleep.

I filled the coffee pot; I filled all the tin cups, and tin plates and pans, and it kept boiling over. Every time I would dish out about a gallon, it would fill up, and in a minit begin to run over. I was in dispair.

"George,—do for the Lord's sake get up and come and help me. (I'll relieve you from guard-duty if you will)" said I, in a low tone, for I dasn't let any one hear me; I was the boss sergeant, dont forget, and made the details for work, guard, etc.

So George came, hitching up his gallusses with one hand, and rubbing his eyes with the other. He had a keen sense of the ridiculous, and he took in the situation at a glance. Every tin thing was full of half-done, seething rice; and still she swelled and swelled and slopped over. My! it looked like there was rice enough for the regiment.

George looked around for something to help hold the surplus, and a twinkle came in his eye, as he spied Bright, asleep on his back, and snoring like a trooper. His big horse-leather boots stood at the head of his cot, and as quick as thought, George got them and said:

"Here,—put it in *this*; it will get cool before

Bright wakes up, and it will be a good joke on him!"

I was as full of fun and deviltry as George; so, no sooner said than done. We filled both boots to the ankle, and set them back; and still the confounded cataract of boiling rice was roaring.

Just then the captain called:

"Bright! Oh, Bright! come quick, here's a lady wants to see you!"

("The ladies" was Bright's great weakness. Fat as he was, he was as vain as Beau Brummel, and set up for a Lothario.)

Bright sat up, rubbing his eyes; and as quick as he could, seized one boot, and socked his foot into the scalding rice; when, ge-whiz! what a howl went up, of mingled pain, wrath and surprise! He made the atmosphere thick with a most florid rhetoric; and with his scalded foot still smoking, and redolent of rice, lit out after me and George with a six-shooter in each hand. Fact. He'd have killed us, but we took refuge in the captain's tent, and slid out the back way, and each one sheltered himself behind a big oak tree.

Well, Bright sat down on a rock near by, and with cocked pistol ready, swore that he'd kill the first one of us who put his head out. He kept us there till roll call, and would have had us there yet, if he had not been called to go on regimental guard.

He got even with us later; tell you about it some time, maybe.

## HOW THE BIG DOG WENT.

IN MY company was a big, strong jolly fellow named Bill Hicks. He was a great story teller, and was always welcome at any of the campfires or mess tables. I'm speaking still of the times, you remember, at Manassas, before the tug of war came; when we actually had candles, as well as tents and cots and other comforts. It was a common thing for Bill to get a lot of the boys around him, and tell them yarns. One night he told us of a dog fight he had witnessed, and he depicted it with the greatest reality, imitating the big dog how *he* "went," and the little dog how *he* "went"; and he had gotten the boys very much interested.

"The big dog would jump at the little dog, and go 'gh-r-r-rh,' " Bill said, imitating a hoarse growl. "And the little dog, he'd jump at the big dog, and catch him by the leg, and go 'br-e-w-r-r-rer,' " said Bill, imitating a shrill bark and growl.

He had gone over this two or three times, illustrating it with his whole body, and had gotten to the point where the laugh comes in. The boys enjoyed it immensely.

Just at that point, in stalked Tump Dixon, a burly bully from an adjoining camp; a rough, disagreeable fellow, drunk or drinking whenever he could get whiskey, and half of his time in the guard house.

"What's that you are telling, Bill?" said Tump.

"Oh, nothing," said Bill; "nothing worth hearing."

"Tell it over; I want to hear it; I heard a part of it."

"Oh, go 'way, Tump Dixon, I aint agoin' to make a fool of myself just to please you," said Bill, looking rather sheepish.

"You *aint?*" said Tump.

"No, I aint," said Bill, doggedly.

Tump poked his head out towards Bill, and looked him steadily in the eyes; meantime slowly reaching behind him, he drew out and cocked a big six-shooter, and pointing it at Bill's head said:

"How-did-that-big-dog-go?"

"Gh-r-r-rr-h," said Bill, gruffly, imitating a hoarse growl as before.

"How-did-that-little-dog-go?" said Tump.

"Bre-w-er-rrh," said Bill, imitating a shrill bark.

"How-did-that-big-dog-go?" said Tump.

"He went 'g-h-r-r-rrh,'" said Bill, the boys just yelling with laughter.

"How-did-that-little-dog-go?" said Tump, pistol still in Bill's face, dangerously near, in the hands of a half drunk rowdy.

"He went 'b-r-e-w-r-rh,'" said poor Bill, still feebly imitating the actions of the dog.

"How-did-that-big-dog-go?" said Tump.

"He went 'g-h-rr-rh,'" said Bill, bursting into

angry tears, and saying what he'd do if Tump Dixon would put up that pistol.

Tump had the drop on him, else there would have been a fight, for Bill was brave, while Tump was a coward, and he knew it wouldn't be safe. Tump left presently, and any time after that, if one wanted to get a fight on his hands he had only to ask Bill "how the big dog went?"

* * * *

Bill was sleeping one day under a big tree,—he had been on guard all night, and he slept the sleep of the just. George Newton and a lot of the other young scamps tied up his jaws, crossed his hands on his breast,—"laid him out"; and getting the prayer book, George was delivering the burial service over him with variations,—when Bill was called to report at the captain's tent. Whoopee! If he didn't larrup me and George Newton and Thad Miller, the smallest of us, and all he could catch!

Well, that's one of the disagreeable, unpleasant things which I told you my Retroscope rounded off so nicely or obliterated; but, my stars! I aint done aching yet when I think of the pounding Bill gave me for playing he was dead. Poor fellow, he's dead to stay, though, now; long since. Peace to his ashes.

## BILL AND THE BUMBLE BEES' NEST.

ON THE march to Leesburg that lovely early autumn day,—oh, how vividly the scenes at Goose Creek and the crossing of Bull Run, at McLean's Ford appear still. There is where Stonewall Jackson was dubbed "Stonewall." I witnessed the charge and the repulse at McLean's Ford, of Bee and Bartow, and the arrival on the cars of Johnston's reinforcements from Winchester just in time to save the day. But I'm not going to bore anybody with that.

We moved up to Leesburg, our brigade, in August or September, 1861. I know blackberries were still plentiful. On the road Bill and I straggled,—that is, fell out of ranks, and followed along slowly at our leisure. You must remember that we were all from the same section, all friends and acquaintances, and were "hail-fellow" with the officers; there was no such thing as discipline, then. Bill and I picked blackberries leisurely along the road side, when, looking back, we saw three mounted field officers coming,—strangers to us; they were brigade officers. Two of them had General B——— under arrest. Bill and I thought we had better not let them see us,—so we dodged off the road into a deep wood, and hid behind a log. To our horror, one of them apparently followed us, and the other two rode rapidly after him, and I

heard one of them say, "General, what does this mean? You are under arrest; come with us."

Now, I never did know what that meant. But Bill and I thought they were after *us*, so we ran again, and Bill threw himself down behind a great big old sycamore log, and, by Jo, right plump into a bumble bee's nest! He ran again,—you bet he did! and such a sight I never saw. Bill running like a scared deer, and fighting those bumble-bees off with both hands,—and every now and then, as one would get in his work, to hear Bill yell was just too funny for anything in this world, unless it be for a Wild-west show.

Bye-and-bye when the excitement was over, we resumed our march, leisurely. Our regiment had halted in an old field about a mile from Leesburg, stacked arms, and the men were unloading the wagons, throwing out the tents and things. Every wagon we would pass the men stopped work, and straightening up, would gaze at us like we were strangers.

I said: "Bill" (I noticed that he kept a little behind me), "what does this mean?"

"Dont know," said Bill.

But it got worse and worse. A crowd began to gather towards us, gazing at *me*, like I was a yankee. I looked around at Bill for an explanation,—*and I found it.* Bill was marching me into camp at the point of a bayonet, confound him!

## THE DOCTOR TAKES SUPPER WITH ONE OF THE F. F. V'S.

THERE was but one good coat in our company, said the Old Doctor on this occasion, and that belonged to Dick Ledbetter. Poor fellow,—he's dead, too; the bravest boy and the luckiest. He participated actively as a private, with a gun, in seventeen of the big pitched battles in which Longstreet's famous division was engaged in Virginia and elsewhere, and in hundreds of skirmishes, and never received a scratch, nor lost a day from duty. He survived the war, and returning to Jackson, our old home, his and mine, married, and prospered in business. He died there in the spring of 1897.

Speaking of Dick, reminds me to tell you of the time when our regiment was making a charge on the yankees during the battle of Bull Run (July 18, 1861), Dick and I were side by side. We had a big ditch or gully to cross, and in doing so, Dick exclaimed:

"Gee! Dick! look at the dewberries!" and throwing down our guns we went to picking and eating the delicious berries, and—got left.

But about Dick's coat, and the tea-party. The coat was a pretty, bluish-gray frock coat, with pretty brass buttons on it. It was the most accom-

modating garment that ever was made, I do reckon. It would fit all of us, every man in the company.

One night our captain was invited to take supper at the residence of one of Leesburg's foremost citizens, a Mr. Hempstead. He was requested to bring with him two of his young friends, and he invited Gwyn Yerger and me. Yerger was the handsomest young fellow in the company. I shan't say anything about myself, on that score, but as Mr. H. had three pretty daughters, it is reasonable to suppose the captain, who was very vain, thought to please the girls in the selection; hence (ahem!) Yerger was a blonde, and a great lady's man. He had borrowed Ledbetter's pretty coat, and Lieutenant Session's shoulder straps,—the bars that a lieutenant wears on his collar, rather, and rigged himself out for conquest, as "Lieutenant" Yerger. That evening it was "Lieutenant" this, and "Lieutenant" that. Already so early in the war a preference was shown by the fair sex for *officers*.

With the three handsome daughters we were lions. It was a picnic. They had an elegant supper, such as peace times knew; something we had not seen nor tasted for many weary months; strawberries, broiled chickens, hot rolls, cream, coffee, butter, preserves, cakes, umph! but it was a feast. The girls were charming. Old Bontaine, the captain, tried to monopolize the conversation with the girls, all three of them. But Yerger and I were something of drawing room adepts, ourselves. We

used at home to "court the amorous looking glass," and were not inproficient at "capering nimbly in my lady's chamber." See Richard III.

The conversation was general, at first, and amongst other things it turned naturally on hospitality, and Virginia's fame for hospitality; the symbols of hospitality with different peoples and nations, etc. You bet I lost no time in letting them know that I was one of the F. F. V's myself. But poor Yerger put his foot into it, if he did have on the best coat, and was playing he was an officer. He spoke of his State, Mississippi, and the hospitality of her people, when presently one of the young ladies said:

"Lieutenant Yerger, what is regarded as the symbol of hospitality in your old home,—Mississippi?"

"Well," said Yerger, "I hardly know; but amongst men, usually about the first thing set out when a neighbor calls, is whiskey, I believe; eh, Captain?"

Before the captain could reply, as quick as a wink (the lady of the house, the mother, had just glanced at the pretty yellow maid who was waiting on the table), there was a decanter of whiskey sitting by Yerger's plate.

Poor Yerger! he looked as if he wished the earth would open and swallow him up, Ledbetter's coat and all. He never used liquor in any way in his life, that I know of.

Of course the ladies were invited to visit our camp,—papa, too, especially, to witness dress parade. They came sooner than we expected.

Next evening, just as luck would have it, Gus was sick again,—that's the cook,—and it was Yerger's time to get supper. He had built the fire, and made every preparation to get supper, and was sweating and fussing over the fire,—face begrimed with smoke,—he in his shirt sleeves and hair all towseled. The regiment was on dress parade at that moment, and Yerger was mad, anyhow. Just at that juncture, up came a cavalcade of ladies on horseback, foremost amongst whom were the Misses Hempstead. They rode up to the fire where Yerger was, and asked for "Lieutenant" Yerger. Well, he was covered with confusion, as well as with sweat and soot; but being ready-witted, everything passed off nicely; but you bet Yerger didn't invite them to stay to supper.

* * * *

While telling my recollections of my short service in the ranks in Virginia, and of the boys' first lessons in cooking,—for you must know that by-and-bye they had to cook or go hungry; the negro cook business soon played out, I'll tell you another one on Bill; that same Bill Hicks I was telling you about.

One day, or one night, rather, we had gone into camp for the night (I mean our regiment), and Bill was trying to cook some rations for next day's

march. He mixed his corn meal and water all right nicely in the company towel, and put in a little grease and salt, and turned out a real nice "pone," ready to cook. He first thought he'd make an ash cake of it,—roast it in the ashes, you know; but luckily, finding a clean flat rock near by, he put that on the embers, and when it got hot he spread out his pone on it, and sat down to watch it. By-and-bye Bill thought it wasn't browning fast enough, so he thought to accelerate it by turning it over and giving the other side a chance. In attempting to do so, the plagued thing crumbled and fell to pieces.

Bill just made the woods ring with remarks much louder and more emphatic than elegant, or than the occasion called for; so George Newton thought; George was a terrible wag. He said:

"Oh, Bill, dont take it so hard. The Savior once broke bread, you remember!"

Bill looked at him for about a minit, a dark look, and then in a tone of contempt, said:

"The hell he did! He didn't drop it in the ashes, did he?"

* * * *

Alas, poor Bill! He was a fine young man, an Apollo in form, and a model of strong physical manhood. Had he lived he would surely have had a career of usefulness. But like thousands of others of the flower of the youth of the South, he was needlessly sacrificed to what the South believed to

be a principle; rights guaranteed the South under the Constitution, violated, and no other recourse for redress, they thought. Bill lost a leg in battle, and after the war, although he began the practice of law with flattering prospects, the loss of his leg so preyed on his mind, the thought of going through life such a cripple, in a fit of despondency he blew out his brains.

## THE DOCTOR ROUTES THE FEDERAL ARMY.

SITTING by the fire at home one day lately, said the Old Doctor, our Fat Philosopher (by which cognomen we had just saluted him on his entering our sanctum), mentally figuring to see how I was going to make that $5, which Bill Jeffries promised to pay me next Saturday week, pay my subscription to the *Texas Medical Journal,* buy a pair of red-top boots for Johnny, and get my wife that pattern of calico she saw in Simon's window for Christmas, and still have some left for tobacco, when my wife,—who was mending my other shirt,—looked up and said:

"Doctor, do you reckon Dr. Daniel ever heard of

that ten dollar fee you got last year for a surgical operation?"

"Why, no," said I. "What put that in your head?"

"Why, I dont know why else he would call you the 'fat-fee-losopher,'" she said. "That's the only fat fee you ever made, aint it, honey?" And the old fellow just shook with suppressed merriment at the recollection.

* * * *

Promised to tell you about our captain, did I? Oh, yes; so I did.

The old man was a scholar. Many people here in Texas remember him well. He was a naturalist. He was also an Episcopal minister. But I must say, he had less common sense than any man I ever saw, and was as ugly as the devil! He was a man of the most inordinate vanity, moreover;—vain of his personal appearance! His face looked like a gorilla's; high retreating forehead,—narrow, but high; large superciliary ridges, high cheek bones,—a real prognathous skull; eyes deep-set and cavernous; little twinkling, restless eyes, and a mouth like a cat fish. He wore his hair in little tight corkscrew curls, and when he spoke there was a kind of whistling sound followed. To see him rigged out in his full fighting paraphernalia was a sight to make Ajax green with envy, and Achilles and Hector go off and grieve. But,—well, he got to be the captain of our company in some way,—

after Captain Burt, for whom the company was named, was made colonel of the regiment.

At Manassas,—up to the time when our tents were taken from us, he used to have prayer meeting at his tent every night, and the spoony and homesick boys all attended with a religious regularity that was most commendable. He suddenly discontinued it; and when asked why, he said that he had been fighting the devil all his life, and now that he had the yankees to fight in addition,—doubling teams on him as it were, he couldn't do justice to both. He was brave. I dont think he knew what personal fear was.

The battle of Manassas was fought on a lovely summer day (July 21, '61), beginning about sunrise. Our regiment was not engaged until late in the afternoon. Somebody blundered. I'm glad of it; I might have been killed, and, see what the world would have lost if I had! As it was, I got to see it all, from a safe distance: an experience that few can boast of.

Early in the morning we were marched ahead of, and at right angles with the line of battle, for about a mile; and there on top of a high hill, overlooking the entire battlefield, we were halted, and there remained inactive 'till about five o'clock. It was the intention, we learned afterwards, that we should charge by the flank,—swing around, you know, and shut in, like a knife blade. The idea was to get in behind the enemy, and some think

that had this been done late in the afternoon, as was intended, when the rout came, we would have bagged the whole shooting match. It seems that the courier carrying the order was killed, and the other regiments which, with ours, were to do this swinging-around-act, didn't come up; so we waited in vain nearly all day for them, as stated. In the meantime, resting here on that hill, we had a most excellent view of the battle, almost from beginning to end, participating only slightly, as I will tell you, in the final charge, about sundown.

I wish I could describe the scene to you. We looked west from where we were; that is, up the run or creek; Bull Run. We could see almost every movement; see the charges which have become historical, as I told you on a former visit, I believe. We saw every cannon discharge; saw the curl of smoke before we heard the report; we saw the train arrive from Winchester bringing Generals Joseph E. Johnston and Kirby Smith with reinforcements; saw them disembark,—form column and forward on the run; saw them halted and thrown into line; saw them charge, and turn the tide of battle. Oh, it was a most glorious sight,—from a distance. The battle raged nearly all day.

Byme-by the order came to forward,—our regiment that had been lying there all day just looking on, and skinnin' slippery elm trees of the bark and chewing it,—the boys were very fond of slippery elm bark,—and they skinned every tree on that hill.

We were told to throw away our blankets, or, rather, to leave them there, and we could get them after we had run the yankees off.

So, late in the afternoon, the sun was setting, and shone in our faces by that time, we went forward on a brisk trot till, all of a sudden, we were on the brink of a precipice, steep, deep, rocky and with almost perpendicular sides. And, there we were: could get no further. The ravine (it was the bed of Cub Run, a tributary to Bull Run,—when it rained; it was dry now), was fifty yards or more wide, and on the opposite bank stood the yankees, infantry, regulars, concealing a terrible battery. It looked like there were a thousand of them in line. It seemed to me that their coat tails were all of exactly the same length, from the glimpse I had of them; for we stood not there long idle. They saw us, and just poured grape and canister into us from that battery, while this line of infantry just mowed us down like grass. There was but one thing to do; that was to *run*. You bet we ran. And as we scattered, the shots just whistled after us "through the emerald woods where the breezes were sighing."

About that time,—panic having seized the enemy at the other end, where, it seems, our men had charged them with the bayonet, and spread to the line in front of us, bless your soul, unexpectedly to us, and without the least cause that we knew, they just limbered up their cannon, about-faced, and

got. That is a fact. They had nothing to fear from us, our regiment, for, as stated, we couldn't get near them.

But do you know, or rather, would you believe it,—when I was discharged later, of which I have told you, haven't I? and went home, the old captain gave me a letter,—I have it yet; I prize it as a curiosity, and am keeping it as an heirloom,—in which he testified that I "had always been a good soldier; had always done my full duty," and that he would "never forget the day, nor my gallantry, when I *helped him* strike the last blow to the enemy's reserves, when they fled,—panic-stricken from the field"; thus "*helping him* save the honor of the Confederacy." Fact,—a positive fact,—*verbatim*. I have that letter yet.

When I got home I showed it to my mother. I asked her to feel of me. I asked her if there were any birthmarks on me by which my identity could be positively established? I said that it was not I; impossible. It must surely be the spirit of Napoleon Bonaparte, Julius Cæsar and Wellington all rolled into one and personated by me on the occasion referred to; I didn't know I was such a warrior.

Now, the fact is,—I ran. But he didn't. He just stood there like a fool, popping away at those U. S. regulars, fifty yards off or more, with a little 22-calibre Smith & Wesson pistol, and they just pouring grape and canister shot at him and at us

at random,—till the big scare struck them. It's a fact; the enemy fled, when no one, from our crowd, at least, pursued them.

The old captain did then rally a few of our scattered company, and attaching them to the tail end of another command, marched us off the field to where we had left our blankets, fortunately. A great many of our company were killed.

* * * *

After the regiment moved up to Leesburg after the battle of Manassas (first Manassas), I procured a discharge. I had ascertained that fighting as a private was not my specialty, and didn't fit in at all with either my talent or my taste. Mr. Davis had issued a proclamation stating that the war would last some years, and officers would be needed; that it was like "grinding seed corn" to kill up the students (in which sentiment I fully concurred), and offered to release from the ranks all who were studying medicine. I returned home and immediately went to New Orleans and took another course of lectures, and got my diploma and got out, just before Ben Butler captured the city. In less than six months more, towit: July 8th, 1862, I was examined by the Army Board of Medical Examiners for Bragg's army at Tupelo, Miss., and greatly to my surprise, I was given a commission by the Secretary of War as surgeon, upon the report and request of this board. I was just ten days less than twenty-three years of age. I was at once assigned

to duty with the examining board as secretary, at the request of the president of the board, the late Dr. David W. Yandell.

## INVADING KENTUCKY.

### A VIOLENT ERUPTION OF "LORENA."

THE DOCTOR walked into the office one morning, looking very sober, and gently whistling "Lorena." Taking his accustomed seat, my easy chair, he said:

Dan'els, did you ever notice how any tune, once familiar, will bring back recollections of the time you heard it? Memories long dormant? How certain thoughts and recollections are associated in some way with certain airs? Yes, and even with the odor of certain flowers.

"Oh, yes," said I, "often."

Well, "Lorena" is associated in my mind with more pleasant memories of war times than any other song; for it had its birth,—lived its little life, and perished,—was sung to death during those stirring times. It is essentially a war song; and in my mind is associated, peculiarly, with Bragg's celebrated Kentucky campaign:

"The sun's low down the sky, Lorena,—
The snow is on the grass again;
Er-rer-something-or-other-Lorena,
The frost gleams where the flowers have been,"

sang the Old Doctor; low to himself, with an expression on his face of mingled gravity and humor.

I was thinking of the time, said he, speaking of Lorena,—when the snow was *on me* about a foot deep, before we got out of Kentucky,—those of us who did get back; for there was many a poor fellow who went with us, gaily singing "Lorena" all along the road who—staid there,—alas; most of them at Perryville and Munfordsville.

On the march going in,—it was glorious weather in the early fall, when the leaves in the forest were putting on their earliest fall tints; when the grapes with their purple lusciousness hung temptingly near the roadside; when the apples, red-ripe, were dropping of their own plethora of sweetness; on the march "Lorena" was sung morning, noon and night. The forests rang with it. "Every lily in the dell knows the story,—knows it well";—ought to, at least; lily, leaf and bird,—forest, stream and valley, heard it often enough, the Lord knows, and loud enough, to remember it forever.

## CROSSING THE CUMBERLAND.

IT BRINGS to my mind especially, and in vivid pictures, continued the Old Doctor, after refreshing himself with a cigarette, the scene at Mussel Shoals where the army crossed the Cumberland one lovely October morning at sunrise. I shall never forget it. The soldiers were in fine spirits; it was a frolic for the youngsters.

I can see, now, gathered on the near bank, generals and staff officers in brilliant uniforms, directing the work of putting over the wagons and the artillery; wagons with snow white covers gleaming in the clear morning light, each wagon drawn by six stout mules; see the ambulances,—now the artillery, with mounted drivers in gay colors,—the guns and caissons, descending cautiously the grade to the water; see those already over, slowly pulling up the opposite bank,—the forest-covered hills not yet lighted up for the day, giving a glorious dark background to the brilliant picture; see the horsemen, interspersed here and there amongst the wagons and the caissons and the cannons, their riders rattling with carbine and spur; see those amid-stream, wagons, horses, guns. I hear the striking of the hoof against the boulders as a horse impatiently paws the water, drinking leisurely and little at a time, or as I suspect, making believe he was drinking, by burying his nose in the water as

a pretext to lave his tired legs in the delicious limpid coolness of the water. I see again the shallow but broad stream, clear as ice, slowly crawling along, fretted here by a rock, checked and diverted there by the bank, but still on, on, as in ages past it has been going, as it is now; ever changing its particles, yet ever the same river: on, on, to finally mingle with the great gulf. The birds in the forest, "winged songsters," chirping their early matins, looking on with curious eye at the unaccustomed scene, all unconscious of the deadly nature of our mission. As an accompaniment to the drama,—a lovely scene of action set to music,—rang out, clear and strong on the morning air:

"A hundred months have passed, Lorena,
Since last I held thy hand in mine."

Lorena palled after awhile, and I felt somewhat by "Lorena" as I suppose Nanki Poo in Mikado did about Yum Yum: "Well, take Yum Yum, and go to the devil with Yum Yum," said he. And so I said about "Lorena."

How like life was that stream. Every particle of the water changing every minute at a given point, passing on, its place taken by new ones,—and, yet,—it is the same river.

Now, here am I,—old, gray and grizzled. There is not a particle of bone, blood, muscle nor sinew; not a cell in my body that was there that bright morning thirty-five years ago, when throbbing with

the pulse of youth, fired by hope and ambition probably, I gazed upon that scene of life, pulsing like a locomotive impatient to be going. And yet, it is the same,—the identical *ego;* and like that stream, I am still going on, on, checked here, fretted there; turned out of my course yonder; buffeted about by "circumstances over which I have no control," here, there, anywhere; but still, on, on, I go, with the years, to mingle finally with the great gulf,—eternity. And then?

## AN EXTENSIVE ACQUAINTANCE.

THE ARMY had halted after all had gotten safely over; the infantry, cavalry, artillery, the wagon train bringing up the rear. It was stretched out along the road about six miles. Here and there dashed a staff officer carrying a message; some were eating, some lying down on the side of the road, some doing one thing, some another; the army had halted. The men were resting, "resting at ease," but ready to resume the march at a word. Everywhere was heard "Lorena." She was epidemic. You could hear her far off; you could hear her near by, played by the band,

whistled, hummed and sung, always the same, until I begun to think that "a hundred months" was about all there was of her, till I learned the balance, later, about the snow and the flowers and the grass.

The medical director had told me to ride ahead up the road 'till I had found the ———— regiment, and to tell the surgeon of that regiment, Doctor—somebody, something. (He might have sent a courier, but he didn't.)

Now, there I was, a stripling of a young fellow, just past 23, a full surgeon, with the rank and pay of major, and with a high staff position. That is to say,—and here you will have to pardon a slight digression, for these recollections are nothing if not veracious, Dr. Yandell of Louisville, was Medical Director of Hardee's corps. He was President of the Army Board of Medical Examiners, and when I passed my examination at Tupelo, Miss., in July, 1862, before we started on this Kentucky march;—you remember my telling you?—my first assignment to duty was at his request, as secretary of the board. The board was, therefore, attached to General Hardee's headquarters, and was a part of his military family; and when in camp my duties were, as secretary of the board, clerical. On the march and in battle they were various. I was surgeon to the cavalry escort, one thing; I had to pull the men's teeth,—dress any little (or big) wound, prescribe for their numerous ailments, diarrhœa prin-

cipally; on the march assist the medical director and medical inspector, and during and after a fight I had charge of the ambulance corps and the litter-bearers. I'll tell you about Perryville some day, if I dont forget it.

Well, as I said, there I was, a young fellow about as fat as a match, delicate physically, holding a surgeon's commission, and away up; wearing on my collar a gold star on each side, and trimmin's to match,—gold lace galore. That is: I was *entitled to do so*, if I had had a uniform: but the fact is, I didn't; I had on a little threadbare citizen's frock coat which had been a "Prince Albert," once. —and on the lapels of it, you bet, I had the gold stars at least, as big as a silver quarter. My cap was a dilapidated affair, brim torn half off, and it flopped up and down as I paced along, jiggity-jig on my little mustang mare. I must have cut a comical figure, I reckon; but I had the rank,—had the position of dignity, and wore conspicuously on my lapels the insignia of it; besides,—I had on *military gloves;* true, they were a great deal too big for me,—but what matter? I tried to *look* the soldier, at least.

Now, Dan'els, lookin' back at that time, and the occurrences as memory recalls them, either through my Retroscope, or as they are conjured up by the magic of "Lorena,"—through the long vista of years that has intervened; years bringing experience, poverty and gray hairs, but alas, not wisdom.

*"How are you, Dickey?"*—Page 49.

I fear, I am impressed with the convic'ion that at that time I thought I was some pun'kins. I'm sure of it. The panorama of life opened up before my vision, painted in glowing colors. I was going to do great things,—I didn't exactly know how or what; I was going to distinguish myself in some way,—probably get to be a great surgeon, compared to whom Velpeau, Gross, Erichsen, wouldn't be in it at all. As I rode along on that errand what thoughts of glory and of future greatness did not come to my mind! Did you fellers ever read "Bud Zuntz's Mail" (by Ruth McEnery Stewart)? Bud thought he would return from the war at least a colonel. He would ride up to his sweetheart's father's front gate on a fine white charger, carrying a Confederate flag in one hand and a brevet-general's commission in the other, and demand the fair one's hand as a reward for his valor. "Stid of that," he says, "they fetched me home in an amb'lance, with a sore laig, and I've been a drivin' that team of oxen for a livin' ever since; 'Bud Zuntz's fiery untamed chargers,' as old Mrs. Pilkins calls them." Now, I didn't fare quite as badly as Bud; I came out without the "sore laig," at least.

I rode along gaily that bright October morning, wrapped in delicious visions of future greatness, and, as said, evidently thinking I was some pun'kins. In the infantry line, which was stretched out along the roadside for miles and miles, was my old regiment, and my old company with which I

had served as a private soldier in Virginia the year before. There was George Newton, Dick Ledbetter, Gwyn Yerger, Bill Hicks, Bright, and all my old chums,—who had not been killed or sent to hospital. Most of these had known me since childhood, and they called me by my familiar nick-name. As I rode past them with my head up and my thoughts away off yonder, Bill, or George or some of them sang out:

"How are you, Dickey?"

"How are you Dick?" and the others took it up, and it spread along the line like fire when you touch off a field of dry broom sage. All along as I passed, I was hailed with: "How are you, Dickey?" "How are you, Dickey?" from regiment to regiment, clear to the end of the line, where I found my man and delivered the message.

Beginning with my home boys, the army told me, or asked me, rather, "How are you, Dickey?" for about six miles. It fetched me to the earth again, and took the conceit out of me, quite.

## A BRUSH WITH THE SEMINARY GIRLS.

### COLD COMFORT, AND SOME OTHER THINGS.

ABOUT the snow? said the Old Doctor. The army went as far as Bardstown and went into camp. We staid there about three weeks. I did not know what for, till afterwards. All I knew was that the young officers had a glorious time flirting with the pretty Kentucky girls, and being entertained and feasted by the Confederate sympathizers; but the greater part of the people were "Union," and from them we got only scowls.

I remember, the medical director sent me to select and "press" suitable buildings for additional hospital accommodation; and I went to the big female seminary, first pop; a big two-story brick building with plenty of room, situated in a lovely lawn. It would make an ideal hospital, I thought.

At the door I was met by the principal, a scholarly looking spare-made gentleman, who was very courteous to me. With him on the big front gallery,—"porch" they call it there,— were about fifty girls, of the seminary age and type. I made my mission known, and such a hum of protest,—such an outburst of indignation—amongst the "Union" girls. The principal was very nice about it, and begged that I would take his school buildings only

as a last resort and emergency,—to which request the girls added their petition; and I hadn't the heart to interfere with such a happy combination. Another building was found and made to answer the purpose.

But those bright-eyed little rogues! They made a picture there is no use trying to describe. I could tell every "reb" sympathizer in the bunch by the cut of her eye,—the silent welcome she gave; and tho' she didn't say so, I could clearly see and understand that she felt that if the poor sick soldiers of the Confederacy needed the buildings, they ought to have them, that's all.

When I told them that I would not press the academy unless we had a battle and it became absolutely necessary, you ought to have seen the grateful expressions of gladness on their faces; and one real pretty little black-eyed beauty, evidently "Southern" in sentiment, stepped boldly up and pinned a geranium blossom on my coat. Her lips were much redder, and looked much sweeter than the geranium, and when she looked up in my face her lips and eyes had such an inviting look, that, I couldn't have helped it if my life had depended on it,—just as quick as a wink, and before she had time to dodge, or say "dont," I kissed her right smack on the mouth and ran. Such a fuss! Such a "my, Jennie!" and "Did you ever!" and "the hateful thing!" and "impudent fellow!" and similar expressions, you never did hear.

But, I was a young *officer;* vain enough to believe that there were uglier men in the army than I,—and I bet Jennie didn't cry.

* * * *

My stars, I have straggled so, I forgot all about the snow. I am worse than Widow Bedott for branching off.

When the army retreated after the battle of Perryville, at camp Dick Robinson, General Hardee turned over the command of his corps to General Buckner, the late "gold-bug democrat" candidate for President. General Buckner had been born and raised in that section of Kentucky, and when Bragg's army captured Munfordsville going in, General Buckner, out of consideration of the fact that he had gone to school at that place, was granted the honor of receiving the surrender and the Federal general's sword. The surrender took place at a big spring, where, Buckner said, he had toted water to the little school house many a time in boyhood days. Dont forget to remind me to tell you about the capture of Munfordsville, for my Retroscope brings out some two or three humorous reminiscences of it as well as some sad ones.

After the battle of Perryville, General Hardee with his staff pushed on ahead, making a hurried retreat out of Kentucky ahead of the army. He had pressing business, I reckon. I know it was considered mighty dangerous for so small a force or party, rather, as a general with only his staff

and escort of a cavalry company to go through those mountains alone. At night we slept with our saddles for pillows, arms handy, and our horses picketed right at hand. In fact, men and horses slept together, if any sleeping was done; we didn't "retire," in the sense of "going to bed," but slept with both eyes open.

Coming through Cumberland Gap,—it was the most God-forsaken, the most desolate looking country I ever saw,—it was getting late in November, and getting to be very cold,—the only living thing I saw on that day's march through the Gap was an old lean ewe sheep, up on the side of the mountain, and Dave, Dr. Yandell's colored cook, cook for our mess, whom the doctor had brought with him from Louisville when he first came out to join the army, bought, borrowed, begged or stole that lone old ewe; most likely the latter, for there was no one in sight from whom to borrow or buy. Dave was a famous cook; had been cook for a toney restaurant in Louisville; and when we arrived at Crab Orchard Springs we had roast mutton and mushrooms for dinner. Dave found plenty of nice mushrooms there, out in the old orchard in which we bivouaced, and he knew what to do with them. It was a feast for ye tired soldiers.

It was a clear cold November afternoon. We dined about sunset, and I went early to bed. Do you know,—I hadn't yet gotten "Lorena" out of my head,—and that night I spread out my vulcan-

ized rubber sheet on the ground,—laid my quilt on it,—and my gray blanket on that, and with boots, clothes, overcoat and all on, I laid down on the edge of my pallet and rolled myself up in it, like dried apples in a dried-apple roll. I went to sleep, thinking, if not singing—

"The sun's low down the sky, Lorena,
The snow is on the grass again."

I dont know what put it in my mind, particularly; it was only incidental to "Lorena"; there wasn't a speck of cloud, nor the slightest indication of snow, but it fell, all the same, and I tell you now, that night was the most comfortable,—it was the sweetest night's sleep, the soundest and the warmest sleep I ever had. Talk about "cold comfort." That was comfortable cold, at least. I had covered up, head and ears with the bed clothes, and my hat was over such of my hair as was not protected; and when I 'woke, early next morning, without a suspicion of the snow, I discovered that there was about six inches of it covering me and my pile like a shroud, and covering everything else. Fact.

# THE DOCTOR TAKES BREAKFAST WITH THE YANKEES.

WHILE the surrender was taking place at Munfordsville, Ky., of which I told you, begun our Philosopher,—assuming an easy attitude in his accustomed seat, and throwing his fat legs over the edge of the desk,—from which movements we felt assured that he was in a talking humor, and we prepared for a good one;—it was about sunrise one lovely October morning, an order came to me from Dr. Yandell, Medical Director of Hardee's corps, to go into the village and take possession of, and make an inventory of the medical and surgical supplies of the garrison that were to be turned over to us along with other property.

I hastened to dress, when,—horrors!—my horse was gone. On making inquiry the colored driver of the headquarters amb'lance told me that my white orderly had gone off on him to forage. Do you fellers know what foraging is? I bet you dont. It is to hunt up something good to eat. This feller was a famous hand at finding it, and altho' we had nothing but Confed. money,—which wouldn't pass muster in Kentucky,—he managed, somehow, to always come back with chickens, eggs, milk, honey, potatoes, fruit;—something good, always.

This confounded fellow played the shrewdest trick on me I reckon, that ever was. He was so

addicted to stealing, that, like the nigger we read of in the joke books, who used to slip up behind himself and pick his own pockets to keep his hand in, this feller while we were camped at Bardstown, came to me one morning with a distressed look, and stated that my best horse was missing, along with one belonging to Captain somebody, I've forgotten, as that part of it was only to make the story go, as I learned too late. As the horse was in his charge and keeping, he was responsible. "That's what hurt" him so, he said. The fact that I looked to him to see that my horse was safe and cared for, he said, made him feel the responsibility dreadfully, and he vowed that he was determined to get that "hoss" back, if he was in the county; if he had to go right into the yankee's camp to get it. He denounced the thief who had been so slick as to steal two horses, he said, from right under his nose, and made terrible threats of what he would do to him if he just could get his hands on him. Well, of course, I gave permission to him to go and search for my horse, and told him to be sure and find him before he came back. He went in search of the horse and was gone all day. Late in the afternoon he came into camp on a pony, and leading my pet horse, which looked as if it had been ridden very hard, and had not been fed. He told a plausible story of heroic daring on his part, and described how he had found the horse in the stable of a man ten miles off, and how near he was to being killed

when he claimed the horse, and told the man he would have it at the "resk of his life."

Now, you boys will hardly think I was green enough to swallow that stuff; but I was. I was so rejoiced to get my horse, that, in addition to thanking the fellow, I gave him a $50 Confed. bill. It is unnecessary to say that the whole thing was a lie, a put up job to blackmail me and to have a day's frolic. He and a chum had ridden our horses to a frolic some distance off and stayed all night. Afraid to be seen coming in after daylight, riding our horses looking so jaded, he hid them out, and took all next day to find them.

But I am away off of my story again. Confound this chair. Every time I sit in it it makes me scatter. Get a new one.

So, to resume where I left off, when I found that this fellow was gone on my horse foraging (it was before the occurrence just related, and was all right), my only recourse was to use one of the amb'lance horses. When I searched for my saddle and bridle, behold, they were gone also; my orderly had taken the rig. Hence my only show for a ride was an amb'lance horse with a blind-bridle and bare-back. 'Twas that or walk. You can imagine what a figure I cut as I rode into that village on such a turn out, and dressed as I was, in a little thin black cloth frock coat, very thread-bare,—heavy horse leather boots, in the legs of which my legs looked like a straw stuck in a bottle; great yel-

low gauntlets much too large for me, and reaching to the elbows; my slim little arms would rattle in them. I had on a military cap with the brim or visor, as it is called, half torn off. Notwithstanding the incongruity of the get-up, I had a big gold star on each lapel; you bet I did. Of course such an odd specimen would have attracted attention anywhere. I was a source of curiosity to the gayly dressed young officers of the garrison with their bright spic and span uniforms on. They eyed me with great curiosity, yet treated me with the utmost respect.

Presently one of the young fellows stepped up to me with a very respectful manner, saluting as to a superior officer, and said:

"Will you kindly decide a dispute for us, sir? as to your rank in the Confederate army? Your insignia,—two stars,—indicate that you are a general; that is the rank in our army,—and surely you are too young (and he might have added, but he didn't, tho' no doubt he thought it: 'too dilapidated and no-count'), to be a general?"

"Certainly, sir," I said. "I am a surgeon; and the military rank of surgeon with us, is major; and a star on each side is the badge or insignia of that rank,—the branch of service or staff to which the wearer belongs being determined by his colors; for instance: a surgeon wears black (that was a lie; the uniform consisted of *black pants*, it is true, and gray coat with black collar and cuffs),—cav-

alry, yellow; artillery, red; infantry, blue trimmin's, etc. One star on each side and black trimmed clothes (I wouldn't say 'uniform'), means a surgeon-major; stars, with yellow trimmin's, a major of cavalry, etc. The badge or decoration for a colonel is three stars on each side; a lieutenant-colonel, two stars: a captain, three bars, etc.; while a general wears three stars surrounded by a wreath."

He thanked me, and saluting, backed off to his companions to enlighten them on the mysteries of the Confederate decoration, and explain, if he could, how it happened, as Dick Ledbetter would say, that "every feller was uniformed different."

I was asked to take breakfast with the surgeons, —one of whom was a big fat old fellow whose name I have forgotten. The other was Dr. A. Flack, a slim, middle-aged man. I shall never forget him, and I would like to know if he is still living. He was surgeon of an Indiana cavalry regiment,—a part of the garrison of the little town that had just surrendered.

There was a lot of amputating cases amongst the stores turned over to me, and as I *did not have any instruments,* I remarked that I was going to buy one of these cases from our quartermaster when they were turned over to him. Dr. Flack said:

"Doctor, those are contract instruments. They are no account for service; here is a Tieman's case which I will make you a present of, if you will

accept it, as, under the terms of the surrender the surgeon's personal effects, instruments and side-arms, are not spoils. But as I will have to walk back to Louisville, I dont want to carry this case. Please accept it with my compliments," and he scratched his name on the brass plate with his knife blade: "A. Flack, 54 Ind." (I think it was the 54th.)

Amongst the horses turned over to our quartermaster, there were some magnificent ones. You bet we young officers were properly mounted after that capture. I got a splendid iron-gray, a fast single-foot racker. Instead of his being afraid of anything, say, a hog on the side of the road, for instance, he would make fight, and would attack what would make most horses shy from under a saddle. The quartermaster had to appraise the value of a horse when an officer wanted to buy, and had, of course, to take Confederate money. It would have been unbecoming a Confederate officer to depreciate the money; we had to make believe amongst ourselves, that it was equal to gold; so prices put on such property were low. Just think: I paid $65 for that horse. The money then was worth about 20 cents on the dollar, but the quartermaster dasen't depreciate it.

I sold that horse in Chattanooga subsequently for $4000.

They had for breakfast,—those surgeons did,—fried breakfast bacon (after beef thirty days out

of every month, and three times a day, the most delicious thing that could have been set before a famished Confed. sawbones), corn meal muffins, boiled eggs, buttercakes with nice fresh butter, and honey, and just oodles of milk,—cream, bless you! After breakfast the old fat doctor handed me a cigar. It was the first cigar I had smoked since the beginning of the war. He remarked, "that is a real Havana cigar." I never let on but that I was used to smoking that kind every day. But he knew better.

* * * *

By-the-bye, you all knew Dr. Bemiss,—of course, —late Professor of Practice in the New Orleans Medical School; everybody knew him as a yellow fever expert. Well, we got *him* in Kentucky on this raid. He and Dr. Joshua Gore and a young doctor named Bedford joined us as soon as we entered the State. But after the bloody battle of Perryville, Dr. Bedford backed out; went back to his "old Kentucky home"; couldn't stand it: too sanguinary for him. Dr. Bemiss and Dr. Gore stuck, however, and followed the fortunes of the Confederacy till its banner went down in defeat to rise no more. Dr. Bemiss early left the army in the field (like I did; wanted a softer place). After serving a short time in hospital he was taken into the office of the Medical Director of Hospitals, Dr. Stout, succeeding me as chief clerk. I found that place most too soft. You will say I was hard to

please. Remember, I was young; I was ambitious, also. I stated to Dr. Stout,* the Medical Director of Hospitals, that in a position in his office, however soft and secure from shot, shell and capture, likewise from cold and exposure; however honorable, it afforded no opportunities for getting any practical knowledge of surgery; that wars didn't occur every day, and that the chances for operative experience afforded by the war were too rare to be wasted; that I didn't care to be carried through "on flowery beds of ease" in so soft a place, while others were, figuratively, wading through bloody seas; and that I wanted a place in some good warm and safe hospital, where I could study and practice surgery. Thus it was that Dr. Bemiss having, I presume, all the practical knowledge of surgery that he needed in his business,—he was considerably older than I,—was content to take my seat. After he was inaugurated into my place, confound it, the position which had been nothing more than a head clerkship, and known as such, was dignified by being called "Assistant Medical Director of Hospitals." I can account for that only on the grounds that Bemiss was larger than I, as well as older.

*Dr. S. H. Stout, now of Dallas, Texas.

## PERRYVILLE.

### THE DOCTOR, LIKE THE WAR HORSE, SCENTS THE BATTLE FROM AFAR.—A CAVALRY CHARGE, ETC.

NOW, said the Old Doctor, taking his seat deliberately, and putting a big "chew" in the southwest side of his mouth, dont you think for a moment that in telling you about some things that happened at the battle of Perryville, I'm going to bore you with a description *a la* war correspondent, about pouring volleys into them, and so forth, for I aint. I'm just going to give you a few remarks, my way;—my recollections of what I saw, not what I did. I reckon I saw more battles and participated in fewer than most anybody. You remember, I saw Manassas nearly all day before being ordered up. Well, I saw this one all day, and when ordered up, it was not to "charge," but to help bring away the wounded.

The battle began early,—I had nearly said "just after breakfast." It is told of one of the Confederate brigadiers that he divided time by the meals; they were, with him, the eras of each day,—and that on one occasion he reported to his superior that he would "start in pursuit of the yankees immediately after breakfast, and if they didn't cross the creek by dinner time, he thought he would be able to overtake them about supper time."

I remember, it was a pretty, clear, sunshiny day. Early in the morning I was ordered to take a position with all the ambulances belonging to that army corps, and some litter bearers, in a deep ravine, and there await orders. Our position was between two big hills, and well sheltered from the enemy's fire, unless our army should be driven back, which it wasn't. Well, I waited all day, the battle raging furiously with varying fortunes, till near sundown, when there was a charge which seemed to be the deciding "throw" in the game, and our folks threw sixes and won. I wish I had the powers of Stephen Crane to describe that charge *a la* "Red-badge of Courage," but I havn't, and for fear of a flat, I'll go slow. I'll tell you how it was, from my standpoint, literally.

First part of the day I staid with the men, for the most part down in the hollow, out of danger. We could hear the battle; hear the rattle and bang, and now and then the bullets would come uncomfortably near us; so would cannon balls. They went over our heads, cutting limbs, but not doing any damage. By-and-bye, I got sorter used to it, and attracted by curiosity, I suppose, more than anything else, I went up on top of the hill where I could see what was going on. The fight was, say, half mile off, and seemed to stay in one place all day. I had noticed that our folks had a battery right in front of where I was standing. It had been booming all day. It was Swett's battery,

of Vicksburg, and was commanded on that occasion by Lieutenant Tom Havern, a brother-in-law of Colonel Swett. Tom Havern did valiant service that day,—and, it is another one of those instances of the irony of fate, like Colonel (Lord) Cardigan, who led the charge of the Light Brigade at Balaklava and came out unscathed, was killed some years later by the kick of a horse;—Havern was killed by the falling of a limb of a tree.

Screened by a big white oak I witnessed this charge. It became so interesting that I didn't mind the bullets a bit. They were hitting around me pretty piert, and grapeshot were linning my tree same time, but, like Cassabianca, I hadn't permission yet to "go."

This charge, I say, ended the battle. It surely was the grandest sight I ever witnessed. The battery had evidently been a source of much annoyance to the enemy all day, and they made one determined effort to take it. They undertook to capture it by a charge in force.

Away on my left, and the left of the line of battle, in front of this battery, and between us and the setting sun, I saw vast bodies of horsemen being massed. The dark blue uniforms made the body look like a great black cloud gathering in the west. They formed in platoons: that is, about twenty or thirty abreast, and came towards us, at first, at a trot. After they had gotten under way, it seemed to me, at the sound of a shrill call on the

bugle, every man drew his sabre, and holding it aloft where the rays of the setting sun were reflected and multiplied a thousand times, they stood up in their stirrups and came at a sweeping run. Havern, having meantime ceased to fire, double-shotting each gun, held it till the charge was nearly on him; till "we could see the whites of their eyes," as one of the gunners told me afterwards. On they came like a blue tornado,—a black cyclone, bent on death and destruction, as it was, in very truth. The earth trembled. There was a roar as of a whirlwind, or the "rushing of many waters." Picture the scene if you can. "The sheen on the spears" of the Assyrians, that time they "came down like a wolf on the fold," you remember, when, Byron says, it

"———————— was like the stars on the sea,
Where the blue wave rolls nightly on deep Galilee"

wasn't a circumstance to the myriads of sunflashes glinting from that sea of uplifted sabres, as that mighty mass came on, hurled by the Titans of war upon the handful of devoted gunners in gray. Oh, it was as if all the furies of hell had been loosed for the occasion.

Havern held his fire until the cavalry seemed to me to be about to run over the battery, when six double-shotted guns, charged with canister shot were turned loose at once. Such a blow, right in the face, of course staggered them. The charge was

arrested in mid-career, horses and men hurled back on those behind them, hundreds going down under the fearful discharge, to be trampled by the horses' hoofs out of all semblance of humanity.

"——— horse and rider, ———
In one red burial blent."

Oh, it was dreadful! Horrible beyond the power of language to describe! The charge recoiled upon itself; staggered; then the trumpeter sounded "The Retreat," and not a man reached the guns.

That settled it. The battle was lost and won. "Grim visaged war" for the nonce, "smoothed his wrinkled front," and whistling to his "dogs," now full fed on "havoc," they licked their gory chops as they slunk away in the gathering gloom. Pity wept. Mercy, frightened away by the din early in the day, now returned, and driving away the black angel, summoned her minions, the surgeons, to come and repair the damage.

I went up with the ambulances. Oh, horrors upon horrors. Who can depict the horrors of a battlefield after such butchery. Shame upon shame! Brothers, of one blood, of one race! Let's drop the curtain. It makes me sick even now, to think of what I saw that night and the next and the next. I wouldn't, if I could, describe it. My Retroscope goes back on me, and I am glad of it; dont know how I ever got onto such a disagree-

able subject, unless it was that bad cigar I smoked awhile ago.

With my ambulances and litter bearers I went up to the scene of conflict, and all night, and all next day I was engaged in hauling off the wounded; first, to temporary hospitals or field hospitals, as they are called, where the wounded received the first attention; then to Harrodsburg, ten miles distant, where there were general hospitals already established for the continued treatment of the wounded. Of course, all these wounded fell into the hands of the enemy, as General Bragg got out of Kentucky as fast as possible. The battle was conceded to the Confederates as a victory. It was a dearly bought one, a few more of which would have soon ruined us. True, we took many guns, and got a lot of stuff; but I'll tell you of that later; the subsistence stuff, stuff we needed in our business, and could use.

At Harrodsburg all night, along with a score or so of other surgeons, I operated or dressed wounds. That was the second night, mind you, without rest and without food. I was nearly starved.

I was adjusting a splint to the arm of a wounded man, when a pretty, plump girl of about twenty came to me and said:

"Doctor, can I help you?"

I thanked her, and said that if the ladies would see that the wounded got something to eat, it would be greatly appreciated. (I was unselfish in the re-

quest; I wasn't wounded, tho' I wanted something to eat pretty bad myself; I said nothing about that, however.) She said:

"I helped Dr. Bateman amputate a man's leg just now; see?" and raising up her skirt, the skirt of her dark calico dress, showed me where her underskirts were bespattered with the characteristic spirting of an artery.

"If that is what you mean," said I, "you can help me, and thank you, too."

Well, sirs, that girl just pitched in,—she had been pitching in before I made her acquaintance,—and rendered as intelligent assistance as a surgeon could have done, after showing her a little. Why, she could pick up an artery with the tenaculum as quick as a wink, and put a string around it before you could say "scat" to a rat. Besides that, she administered chloroform for me more than once. Oh, she was a brave girl. She was a heroic girl, a Southern sympathizer. She said her name was Betty Johnson; I wonder what ever became of her?

In connection with that night's work, I am reminded of a circumstance that may be thought interesting. There was a man who was shot in the left side, just below the ribs. A buckshot had entered his body, and if it came out there was nothing to show for it. There was a little bit of a hole just over the spleen, and from it protruded a tongue-like slip of flesh about as big as one's forefinger. It was part of the spleen. It was clasped

tightly by the orifice of the wound, and looked blueish. I just tied a silk string around it and cut it off close up and dropped the stump back in the abdomen. I didn't know what else to do; I washed it, of course;—we didn't know anything about antiseptics then, you know. There was nothing else to do, in fact. It so turned out that that was just the correct thing. I had not read much medical literature at that time, and did not know, and for many years afterwards did not know that there was no record of anybody ever having amputated the spleen or a part of the spleen for gunshot wound. Some years after the war, after "Otis' History of the Surgery of the Rebellion" was published, some one told me that this case was mentioned in that work; that the Federal surgeons on taking charge of Harrodsburg and the wounded we left there, had noticed this case, the man stating to them what I had done; "just cut her off and dropped her, string and all, back into the cavity." The chronicler regretted being "unable to get the name of the operator." Well, I was the operator. I was, thus unconsciously, the first surgeon to "amputate the spleen or a part of the spleen for gunshot wound." I am late claiming it. It aint any great glory, and I wouldn't care a cent if it had never been heard of. I aint proud a bit.

## QUESTIONABLE SPOILS.

JUST before we reached Glasgow, a small town in Kentucky, we came to a cross-roads store. I was told that on arrival of the first of our folk they found the store deserted and locked up. Who opened it I do not know. When our party arrived I found gray-backs swarming inside like bees in a hive, and they were mostly officers. Some of our party, myself amongst them, got sufficient cloth to make us a suit, each, and I took possession of a two-ounce vial of prussic acid. I was afraid some fellow would get hold of it who did not know what it was,—did not appreciate the beauty of its uses upon proper occasion. After my observations on the field of battle and in hospitals I regarded it as a boon to be cherished in case of being badly wounded, or, what I regarded as worse, being sent a prisoner to Johnson's Island. In either case it would make my quietus, give me the means of *euthanasia*. It's the stuff, you remember, that stood Jonas Chuzzlewit so well in hand in a tight, enabled him to cheat the gallows, and "fool" the police. It enabled the oily Oily Gammon to do likewise, and in addition he worked the insurance company, you remember, in favor of a little girl he had wronged; about the only virtuous act he ever did: virtuous, even if it were criminal. See "Ten

Thousand a Year," the best novel in the English language.

Now, you fellers needn't ask; of course we would have paid or offered to pay for the things we took, if there had been anybody there to pay; but as we had nothing but Confed. scrip, I suppose it is all the same; they wouldn't have received it;—but, we just had to have the cloth and things, you see? Retribution overtook every one of us. I'm glad of it. I could never have worn that cloth with my customary pride and self-respect. I'm sure it would have been a Nessus' shirt on my back.

Now, I see you smirking; t'aint no "sour grapes" at all. It was just fate. When we arrived at Glasgow, of course, we under officers did not know how long we were going to stay, and had not doubted that we would rest long enough at least, to have a suit of clothes made. So we,—those of us who had "provided" for an outfit (self-respect will not allow me to call a spade a spade in this case), had our measures taken, and the old tailor promised us our suits in a week. Before sundown that same day we were out of Glasgow, and going west. At the appointed time,—we were at or near Munfordsville by that time,—one of the staff officers who was "in it," that is, had a suit in prospective, detailed one of the privates of the escort and sent him back to Glasgow with a note for our suits. We never saw the "hair nor the hide" of the feller afterwards. His name was Corey (it's unnecessary to say that

our name was "Dennis"). Whether he was shot by the bushwhackers, arrested and shot as a spy, or whether he got away with our outfits, deserted, go ask ye whisperin' winds; *I* dont know.

## RECOLLECTIONS OF BACON—LIKEWISE OF PORK.

WHEN Bragg's army was retreating from Kentucky,—and we came as rapidly as circumstances would admit, for, you see, we were loaded,—said the Genial Philosopher, on this visit to our sanctum, when he had "blowed a little," he said, after pulling up those steep steps. (Hudson grinned and said to Bennett, *soto voce*, that the Doctor "blowed" most of the time. Good thing he didn't hear it.) We had to pass through Cumberland Gap again. It was a most desolate country, and was swarming with bushwhackers at the time. We had bitten off more than we could chew, to use a more recent aphorism,—our quartermasters and commissary officers made hay to some purpose while the sun shone; that is, they collected supplies of every kind and stored them at various points along our line of retreat in greater

quantities than we could handle for want of transportation. As it was, the wagon train stretched over miles and miles of road, and greatly retarded the retreat of the army. I have forgotten how many thousand wagon loads we had, and how many droves of fat beeves we got away with. But at several points there were stored churches full of stuff—guns, bacon, jeans, Kentucky jeans (homespun and highly prized), pickled pork, etc., and having no transportation for it, it had to be burned up. What a pity! But, that's war, you know; "I cant have it, and you shant." Well, at Camp Dick Robinson it was necessary to do the burning act, and the infantry men passing along were told that they could have all they could get away with. Well, sirs,—it was the funniest sight you ever saw (however, as you didn't see it, we'll say, the funniest sight imaginable), to see about six miles of bayonets, each one bearing aloft a side of bacon, or a ham, or a bolt of jeans! The hot sun made the grease run out of the meat in streams, and it trickled down on the feller's faces and necks and backs, and then the red dust would settle on it, and it was a funny combination; they looked like a bedraggled *Mardi Gras*. Some of the officers had a side of bacon strapped behind their saddles.

## SOMEBODY'S DARLING.

MANY of the soldiers were barefooted, continued the Doctor, after a moment's hesitation. Cold weather was coming on, too. It was painful to see the boys, some of them, hobbling along with sore and bleeding feet over the stony mountain roads, but they were always cheerful, even merry, and ever ready for a joke, or to guy some comrade. It is astonishing what kept up their spirits, for they suffered every privation and hardship. At Cumberland Gap, going in, I saw shelled corn issued for the "ration" for supper and breakfast. Riding along in the headquarters amb'lance, of which I told you, coiled up snugly with comforts, etc., I overtook a "Johnny," the name of all and singular of the Confederate soldier, —a boy of perhaps eighteen years, barefooted, limping along with bleeding feet. As he limped along with gun on shoulder,—he had dropped out of the ranks and was "going it alone,"—he was throwing grains of corn into his mouth, and seemingly enjoying his breakfast. I said:

"Hello, Johnny, have you had any breakfast?"

"Yes," said he, "had what the others had,—cawn."

I took from my haversack a piece of meat and a piece of bread that Dave, the cook, had put up for my noon lunch, and gave it to him. He ac-

cepted it without thanks or comment, and went to eating it in a very matter-of-course way. I said:

"Where are your shoes, Johnny?"

"Havn't got any," was the laconic reply, between mouthfuls. I took out my best boots, for I had this extra pair, which were really too light for service, and I only kept them for social affairs, and asking him "what size do you wear?" and if he thought he could get his hoofs into these? threw them to him. He said he could wear anything he could get his foot into, and while they "wern't any great shakes," he said, "they beat no shoes, pretty bad." The last I saw of Johnny he was sitting on a rock on the roadside tugging at the boots.

* * * *

It was a little after daylight that morning when I came upon a company of infantry, just breaking camp; or, rather, about to leave the spot where they had bivouaced, and resume the march. Some eight or ten men were standing around the remains of a camp fire, by which was lying a boy of perhaps sixteen or eighteen years of age, apparently in a trance. As I rode up one of the party said:

"Here comes a surgeon, now."

They told me that "Henry" (they called him "Henry"), had sat up late the night before, cooking rations for the march; that they all went to sleep and left him cooking,—and when they got up, they found him "just like he is now," they said, and "couldn't wake him." I dismounted.

and carefully examined the poor boy, and there were no signs of life, tho' he was still warm. Artificial respiration was tried; hot water dashed over the region of the heart also failed to start the pulsation. I held a small pocket mirror over his mouth and nose, but there was not a sign of respiration. The boy was dead.

He was roughly clad, and looked like a farmer boy. In one hand he held an ambrotype (that was the prevalent kind of pictures, then; photographs had not come into use in the South). It is evident that the last thing the boy did before the death angel closed his young eyes, was to gaze on that picture,—lovingly. We took it tenderly from his grasp; it was the picture of a plain, faded, wrinkled old woman, of the commoner sort,—the poorer country people. It was his *mother*. Ah, to his childish eyes she was not old, nor wrinkled, nor ugly, nor faded, nor common. To him she was beautiful; she was young; she was the apotheosis of all that was lovely and lovable. She was "mother." Alas, poor mother. It is doubtful if she ever heard when, where or if he died. She may be waiting yet for his coming. Poor mother. * * * "Plain," "common," "only a private," a "conscript" most likely,—his loss will not be felt; "only one of the men,"—a unit in the great whole, he will not be missed. But oh, how dear was he to that simple old mother! He was her "boy," her son, her darling.

Weep, poor mother, as weep thousands of hearts wrung by a common grief, and each with a grief of its own.

In the distant aiden shall she clasp her long-lost boy? Away beyond the skies,—where there are no wars,—no conscript officers,—no partings,—no death; before that great white Throne where there are no distinctions of persons, shall her grief be 'suaged?—her tears dried?

## "SMALL GAME" FOR A BIG STAKE.

### THE LITTLE CAPTAIN'S TOAST, AND WHAT HAPPENED.

THE Old Doctor came in late one afternoon, and taking his seat, said that he could only stay a few minutes; and that he wasn't in a talking humor. He didn't want anybody to ask him any questions.

I expressed the hope that he wasn't sick.

Oh, no, he said; only I've been lookin' thro' the wrong end of my Retroscope,—contrary to my principles, and before I was aware of it here had come trooping before my mental vision a whole lot of unpleasant recollections, and it has depressed

me somewhat, and I havn't gotten entirely over it, altho' I have taken a bath and disinfected myself.

"How on earth do you disinfect yourself, Doctor?" said I.

Why, by reading up on James Whitcomb Riley and Mark Twain. They are the best antidotes for the "blues" I know of; they are antiseptic, for "blues" is *pizen*. It will take me a week to get into good talking trim, at least, and then I'll tell you about the time we captured Munfordsville, Kentucky, and what happened about three days before the arrival of the army; I mean the main army—Bragg's army.

You see, the army was composed of two army corps; one commanded by General Leonidas Polk (an Episcopal minister, a Bishop, by-the-bye, you remember), who was killed later by a cannon shot at Kennesaw Mountain in sight of Marietta, Ga., where I was stationed at the time; and the other by General Hardee; both lieutenant-generals.

Brigadier-General James R. Chalmers, afterwards Congressman from Mississippi, and lately deceased, in command of a brigade of Mississippi troops that had won the name of "The Fighting Brigade" (as if all brigades were not "fighting brigades"), and he thought he could just do anything with them,—had assaulted the place and was repulsed with a loss of two hundred of his Mississippi boys killed, and twice as many wounded. He was much censured for it, because, acting as ad-

vance guard of the army, he had no instructions to make an attack on a fortified place, especially when he did not know the strength of the garrison, which was the case in this instance.

The little village of Munfordsville nestled down between three mountains, separated by two little clear streams which unite there and form Green river; part of the town is on each side of the river. It was held by Brigadier-General Wilder, of the Federal army, with a brigade of splendid cavalry, 4500 strong; Chalmers had 2800 infantry.

The place was fortified by pine poles six or eight inches in diameter, split in two pieces, and driven in the ground, slantin' outwards. They were about fifteen feet high. Under the slope, all around, was a ditch full of water. These poles were not an inch apart; they formed an almost solid wall, with loop-holes through which to fire; and the trees and bushes all around had been cut down, and the trunks and limbs were so arranged as to obstruct a charge by the enemy, and subject him to a fire from the loop-holes while tangled up in the abattis. Even if Chalmers' men could have charged through the clearing, and gotten over this terrible abattis, a veritable death trap, when they had reached the ditch they could not cross it; nor was it possible to scale the walls without ladders. The fort was simply impregnable.

But Chalmers charged it. My brother, who commanded a company in the Tenth Mississippi, in-

formed me lately, that after Chalmers had gotten his men tangled up in the abattis he could neither advance nor retreat;—had to "get somebody to help him let loose,"—and that it was only by a ruse that he was enabled to withdraw his men. At nearly night he sent in a flag of truce and asked permission to carry off his wounded. It was, of course, granted, and under cover of darkness and this truce, he withdrew his men.

It was currently reported, and generally believed, that General Chalmers was in doubt as to whether he should attack the place, or wait till the arrival of the main army, and that he and his young staff officers played a game of "seven-up" to decide it. Chalmers won, and that meant "assault," and he "assaulted,"—butted his brains out, figuratively.

I do not know whether this is true or not, continued the Old Doctor, but it probably is. Those gay youngsters would play cards, you know, and they'd bet on anything. They were very daredevils, and did not stop at anything.

It is a very remarkable coincidence that this same General Chalmers attacked Fort Pickens earlier in the war, and was badly repulsed, and that the same General Wilder was in command of the garrison at Fort Pickens. Looks like having had his fingers burnt once, would have made him a little more cautious how he tackled Wilder.

Chalmers was only about 26 years of age, and was as ambitious as he was handsome and brave.

In that fatal assault, amongst the other gallant Mississippians, needlessly sacrificed, was the brave and much beloved colonel of the 10th Mississippi infantry, Colonel Bob Smith, of Jackson, Miss. I went in under a flag of truce to see him, when Bragg had arrived with his army two or three days later, but Colonel Smith was past knowing any one. I notice in the *"Confederate Veteran"* that a granite shaft has been erected by the Mississippi people to his memory, on the spot where he fell. My brother, captain of one of Smith's companies, and whom you all know, was desperately wounded while leading his men over that murderous abatis.

* * * *

About 2 o'clock on the third day after the assault, the army arrived, and bivouaced all around the little town on the mountains. That night, when the camp fires were lighted, General Wilder saw that an army had arrived in force, and sent out a flag, and offered to surrender, or in reply to a demand to surrender, I do not know which. That is the surrender of which I told you, I believe, before; the one conducted by General S. B. Buckner, out of compliment to him, he having gone to school at Munfordsville when a boy.

After General Wilder had handed his sword to General Buckner, the men all having stacked arms and were prisoners, he asked General Buckner what force we were in, as he wished to know whether he

had surrendered to anything like an equal number without making a fight. General Buckner said:

"I shall not tell you anything more, than if you had not surrendered at daylight, in an hour, we would have opened fire on the fort with seventy-eight cannon."

"Good Lord," said General Wilder, "you would have blown us off of the face of the earth."

* * * *

But I'm getting ahead of my story.

About 2 p. m. General Hardee, with his staff and escort, arrived on the south side of the town, on top of one of the mountains, on which there was a road, and we rode into a little grove on the roadside, and dismounted to go into camp, or bivouac, rather; no tents, you know.

Now, I had a nice saddle horse, and a white "orderly" (servant); besides, the amb'lance that belonged to headquarters, driven by a negro boy, was in my charge; and in it were carried the medical supplies for headquarters, as well as my valise and blankets, etc., on the march. When I got tired riding horseback, I'd coil up in the amb'lance and take it easy, see? To tell you the truth, I early developed a wonderful faculty for finding comfortable places, and I somehow escaped much harship that others felt. You bet I got out of the field before the severity of winter set in, and the offer of the empty honor, later, of being appointed assistant medical director on Bragg's staff could not,—did

not, tempt me to go back. When, after leaving the Medical Board and General Hardee's party later,—I was assigned to duty at Chattanooga, Dr. Richardson of New Orleans, now deceased, was then medical director. He was transferred to Richmond at his request, and Dr. Flewellyn, of Georgia, was made medical director in his stead. Dr. Flewellyn did me the honor to ask me to accept the position of assistant medical director, made vacant by his promotion. Declined with thanks. I had then a soft thing, and I preferred it to a hard thing with more "honors"; and life in the field, in the mountains of Tennessee in snow time, was a hard thing, you bet. But I have scattered again; Dan'els, cant you hold me down to a steady gait? I'm awful at breaking.

Amongst other "medical stores" in that amb'lance in my charge, was a five-gallon demijohn of real good old Kentucky whiskey—bourbon. That I was popular with the staff (on that account) goes without saying. Excepting Dr. Yandell and the members of the Board of Examiners, the staff officers were young men. There was Captain Wilkins, *aide-de-camp*, the same Judge Wilkins now of Sherman, Texas; Captain Roy, A. A. G.; Captain Dave White, aide; Major Hoskins, chief of artillery; Dr. Breysacher, medical inspector, now living at Little Rock, Ark.; Dr. Lunsford P. Yandell, Jr., the late popular lecturer in Memphis Medical College, brother to the medical director, several

others, and last, but not least (tho' *he was* the smallest one in the lot), was Captain Harry Dash, aide, the same Harry Dash now of the big grocery firm of Dash, Lewis & Co., New Orleans. Dash was a poet; had written a small volume of poems at that time. Well, when we halted and dismounted and hitched our horses, the first thing was,—to see how the "medical stores" were holding out. The examination extended only to the demijohn, however.

I made my orderly get out the demijohn, and seated on the grass with the demijohn in the center of the circle formed by the young staff officers just mentioned, we had each poured out about two fingers in our tin cups, and Captain Dash had said:

"Hold up, boys, I want to propose a toast."

So, with cup in hand,—no thought of the old adge,—"many a slip," each sat, expectant,—cup uplifted,—listening to the toast. It was long, aye, very long, to thirsty, weary pilgrims,—and before it was finished,—Dash was saying something about an elephant having a trunk, and not being allowed to cross the Cumberland with it: I didn't hear it out,—here came a shot from the besieged garrison, a Parrott-shell, screaming over our heads, and burst right in our midst. Before it exploded every feller had thrown himself down flat on the ground, and in so doing, had not only spilt his whiskey, but we kicked over the demijohn, and lost the last drop of the precious medical supply. Fortunately no-

body was hurt. But that was the most indignant crowd of youngsters you ever saw.

What did we do? Why, Wilkins and White just seized the little captain, after damning his toast, and damning his eyes,—and taking him by the legs and arms, with his back swung near the ground, just *bumped* him,—bumped his seat against a black-jack tree about twenty bumps; that's all.

Here the Old Doctor took out a cigar, which he said somebody had given him, and lighting it, puffed away with much relish.

"Thanks, Doctor," said I. "That's a pretty good story for a man who wasn't going to stop but a minit, and wasn't in a talking humor. Sit longer? No? Well, *do* come, Doctor, some time when you *are* in a talking humor; it must be a sight to see."

The Doctor grunted a good-natured grunt, and said:

I cant *help* talkin'; I've just *got* to talk,—and you fellers are about the only ones I know who will listen to me about "war times." They say,—"oh, g'wan, Doctor, we live in the present." Well, boys, I reckon I *am* an anachronism,—a back number. So long, boys.

# THE BUSHWHACKERS AFTER THE DOCTOR.

AFTER operating all night and otherwise attending to the wounded at Harrodsburg after the battle of Perryville, said the Old Doctor, resuming his account of the occurrences in Kentucky, about daylight I mounted my horse and lit out to overtake General Hardee and his party. I had not had anything to eat in nearly forty-eight hours, and was nearly starved. I rode rapidly. It was a cold, clear morning, late in October, and on the beautiful macadamized road my swift single-foot racker fairly flew.

I had gone perhaps six miles before it occurred to me that I might be on the wrong road,—going the wrong way. Presently I met a man in a cart, and I asked:

"Is this the road to Camp Dick Robinson?" (I knew that was the general's objective point.)

"My!—No!" said the man. "You are on the Versailles road, and going right t'wards the yankees; they are coming this way."

Here was a predicament. All those six miles to retrace, and the danger of being captured,—perhaps shot for a spy,—being alone, and away from my command. But I turned back and went flying, I tell you.

A little after sun-up I came in sight of the gen-

eral's party,—just breaking camp and about to be off. They had bivouaced inside of a farmer's stable lot where there was plenty of oats, cawn and fodder; something my horse needed mighty bad. The general and his staff and escort had mounted and were off, before I had dismounted. Dave, the black cook, had saved me a mutton chop and some bread, and the coffee pot was still on the fire. He was busy packing the camp chest and loadin' the camp things into the wagon. I put my horse in the stable, after giving him his fill at the trough, and shaking down some oats and cawn for him, I prepared to take a nap on a pile of straw while he was feedin'. I had devoured my breakfast meantime.

Before I had gotten a good hold on my nap, "bang," "bang" and keep-on "bang"-ing, went the guns close by, and bullets whistled through the barn like hail. It was our rear guard, Gen. Jo Wheeler, keeping back the enemy's advance, which was crowdin' us. General Hardee had a closer call than he knew, being already detached from his command and goin' it alone. My horse, feeding at the trough, was frightened, and jumped around considerable. I hastily put on the saddle, and in doing so, I dropped this ring from my hand, said the Old Doctor, here removing from his finger a large, well-worn onyx seal ring, which he said his father gave him on his sixteenth birthday, and which he prized very highly.

My hands were cold, and the ring, always a little

too big for me, slipped off and fell in the straw. I was terribly distressed at the thought of leaving it, yet the bullets kept warning me that it was about time I was thinkin' of gittin' further. It was dark in the stable, and just as I had dispaired, and was about to mount, a movement of my horse threw a gleam of light on the ring. I grabbed it, with a handful of the straw, and at a single leap was in the saddle and out of that like an arrow. My horse seemed to be as much impressed with the necessity of getting away as I did. A volley from the enemy followed us,—they were now in sight, and our men driven back, were in the stable yard. We fairly flew.

A mile away the road ran along at the base of a low range of mountains for several miles. As I went flying along,—ring still clasped in my hand, —hadn't had time to put it on,—"biz," went a rifle, from somewhere on the side of the mountain, and the bullet cut my cap. "Bing" went another rifle, further down, ahead of me; and glancing up I saw the little ring of smoke made by the old-fashioned Kentucky rifle, the old muzzle loader, with which I was so familiar in my boy days as a squirrel hunter,—the most accurate firing rifle of them all.

I realized that I was now running the gauntlet of bushwhackers; stay-at-homes,—Union men,— guerillas, as they were variously designated. I just laid flat down on my horse's neck, making myself

as small as possible, wishing I could make it invisible,—and giving him rein,—no need of spur,—he was as much impressed with the "gravity of the situation" as was yours truly,—we went like an arrow. I have no idea how many cracks they took at me, but it seemed like several hundred thousand. It was "whiz," as a bullet would go by me; "twang," as another would ring just over my head; "bang," "pop," "biz," for several miles.

Presently I came in sight of some of our party,—an officer of the staff and some teamsters. As I rode up,—they were dismounted at a little roadside "store," or "grocery,"—one said:

"Here comes the Surgeon, now."

I rode up, dismounted, and put on my ring. One said:

"Doctor, Bogle is shot."

Bogle was the wagon master of our headquarters. He had gone into a field near by, with two of the men and a wagon, by orders of the captain of the cavalry escort, to get some cawn. They were engaged in gathering and loading the wagon with cawn, and while so engaged Bogle was shot thro' the fleshy part of the shoulder with a minnie ball; while the horse of one of the men was shot thro' the head and killed. The horse was killed by the bullet from a Kentucky rifle, small bore; and the third shot took effect in the horn of the saddle of the other man. It was evident that three persons had fired, and that each of the party was a target.

The captain took a squad of men and went up on the mountain side where the shots came from, and in a little cabin they found an old, gray-bearded man, and two strapping mountain boys, of some eighteen or twenty. They were bushwhackers, and were, by the rules of war, outlawed. The men found, secreted in the cabin, a minnie rifle and two small-bore Kentucky rifles, the calibres of all of which corresponded with the bullet holes in Bogle's shoulder and in the horse's head, and in the saddle, and all three rifles were still warm, showing that they had just been discharged.

That was proof enough. Without judge or jury, or the form of a trial or investigation, the old man and the two boys were taken out—*somewhere*,—I didn't go; I was busy dressing Bogle's wound. But one of the men told me that the old man never said a word, but manifested the stoicism of an Indian.

## A FROG STORY.

SAID the Old Doctor on this occasion, seating himself with his usual make-yourself-at-home air:

While the army was around about Tupelo, Miss., after the battle of Shiloh, and General Hardee's headquarters were at Tupelo, one afternoon in August, after the day's work of the board of medical examiners was over, I remember that Drs. Yandell, Pim, Heustis, the members of the board, and myself (I was secretary, you remember I told you), were sitting in camp talking and smoking. There were other officers of the staff present, also, as all of the officers' quarters were near together in a nice grove; and some one of the party, I have forgotten whom, but I think it was Major Kirkland, one of the engineer officers, stated it as a fact that a toad would swallow coals of fire, and that it would not hurt him. He could not explain it, he said, as it would hardly do to say that the toad "thought the coal was a "lightning bug," or that he "thought" at all. But whatever be the reason, it was a fact, he said.

The party laughed at him, and said that his credulity was of a robust and full-grown sort; that he was easily imposed upon, and the statement was scoffed at and ridiculed. Dr. Yandell said:

"Come, Kirkland, what do you take us for?

That's an old woman's tale that I have heard all my life, but it is not to be supposed that anybody would believe it."

I didn't say anything. I was too young, and too green, and altogether too inexperienced to take a position on so momentous a question in natural history. I had read, however, a good deal about toads, and frogs, and other reptiles, in works on physiology, and amongst other things I had read, somewhere, that away back yonder in the early days of Egyptian civilization, the tenacity with which a toad clings to life had been observed and recorded; that they had been known to be found walled up in solid masonry, I dont know how many centuries old; and I remember an instance being cited of a toad having been found in the reign of Ram-Bunk-Shus III, or Ram Shaklin, or some of those old Egyptian rams, that had been buried a thousand years. But I kept mum.

The major was a little ruffled at the merciless way the party guyed him; so, he offered to prove it. That made matters worse. They laughed more than ever, and that made the major mad. Luckily for him and for science, and for the truth of this story—

"Come, now, Doctor; you are not going to tell *us* that yarn for straight, I hope," said Dr. Hudson, Junior Editor of the *Journal*. "What do you take us for?"

"*Aint* I, though?" said the Old Doctor. "It's gospel straight, laugh if you will."

As I was saying, it being summer time, and toads were plentiful in that country, and it being about sunset, presently the major spied a large warty toad hopping about as if he were out for a lark; a comfortable looking old fellow,—and sending Henry, the colored boy, for some coals, we prepared for a circus,—a demonstration,—a failure (of course), a fight or a foot race. There was great interest manifested. A crowd assembled.

The major, now thoroughly on his mettle, kept saying, "I'll show you."

He went cautiously towards the toad, and with thumb and finger, thumped a live coal right plump in the frog's path,—right before his face. Well, sirs,—that old toad stopped, straightened up,—turned his head on one side, and took a square look at the coal. It must have been just what he was looking for, as he seemed pleased to meet it. His eyes shone with a new light, and he made a grab at the coal, and swallowed it with apparent relish. Fact. His eyes sparkled still more, and beyond doubt, he registered the mental reflection that that certainly *was* the much talked of "hot stuff." He set out to look for more, I suppose: but we were not done with him yet.

Dr. Yandell said that the major had taken an unfair advantage of the toad; that he was evidently getting old, from his looks,—and his eye sight was

not good; that "the shades of eve were falling fast," etc., and that he would bet the toad wouldn't eat another. The major repeated the trick with success, several times, till every one was satisfied that the toad had not swallowed the fire under a delusion; he seemed to know it was hot, and rather liked it. But Dr. Yandell insisted that it would kill the frog; it would surely produce inflammation of the stomach; no living creature could take fire into its stomach and live, he said.

Well, sirs; the major said he would make good his whole story. He declared that the frog would be none the worse for his hot supper. He had Henry to get a wooden box and put the toad in it, and shut him up over night. As I live, boys, next morning that toad was not only *alive*, but gave unmistakable evidences of being hungry! He recognized the major and winked at him; and when a candle bug, one of those yellow fellows with a hard shell,—was thrown in the box, the frog snapped him up like a trout would a minnow; fact.

## POKING FUN AT THE MEDICAL DIRECTOR.

DURING the siege of Atlanta, said our Genial Friend on this occasion, looking radiant and happy in a new suit of linen, his blue eyes twinkling with merriment, when Atlanta was headquarters of Hood's army, the Medical Director of Hospitals, the venerable Dr. Samuel Hollingsworth Stout, now living at Dallas, Texas, formerly of Giles county, Tennessee, issued orders that every patient at the hospital-post of Covington, Ga., forty miles below Atlanta, should be sent further down into the interior, so as to make room at that, the nearest and largest hospital post, for the wounded expected during the battle which was daily expected, but which hung fire, literally speaking, for many weeks.

There were at Covington some six large hospitals; I mean, there were six separate hospital organizations of large accommodating capacity, but some of them occupied four, five or six separate buildings. The Hill hospital was all under one roof, the only one that was,—a female college building; but the others were simply beds on each side of the room, in every little "store,"—little rough plank one-story buildings, arranged on the four sides of the public square, in which stood the court house; the stereotyped plan of little towns throughout the

South. The churches were also filled with bunks. We didn't have any nice little enameled bedsteads, or iron-framed cots;—ours were just rough, undressed scantlings, knocked together; and our feather beds were sacks filled with hay; pillows ditto.

Well, there were on duty at that post, seventeen medical officers, I amongst the rest. When the patients, all that were able to bear transportation, were sent away, and the battle didn't take place, and no new arrivals came, there were more doctors at the post than patients, and we literally had nothing to do, but frolic, ride with the girls, have picnics and fishing parties. But Dr. Stout issued an order that each day one of the medical officers should be detailed by the post surgeon, of whom, by-the-bye, I'll tell you a good story,—to serve as "Officer of the Day." From 7 a. m. one day, till 7 a. m. the next day, he was to be "on duty"; that is, he was to wear a sash and sword, and stay where he could be called at night if wanted; and during the day he was to strut around (that wasn't in the order, however), and do nothing. There just wasn't anything to do, I tell you; nevertheless, the order was that the officer of the day should visit and inspect each ward (most of them were empty; we were to look for spooks, I reckon), and visit every department; kitchen, laundry,—everywhere; inspect the food, the cooking, etc., and to make a written report every morning to headquarters.

All this red tape was nonsense, and the report soon degenerated into a mere statement that everything was O. K.,—a perfunctory performance of about four lines.

The officer of the day was the only one who would stay in town; all the others would go off frolicking or fishing. By-and-bye Dr. Stout wrote down to the post surgeon, saying that the medical officers did not show zeal enough in their duties, and that they must be required to make more detailed reports. I made one of twenty-four pages of foolscap, which was all words. I didn't say a thing more than I had been saying in four lines, but said it differently; rang all the changes on it.

It begun by saying:

"The English language is happily so constructed that a great many words of diverse origin and derivation can be so brought to bear as to convey one and the same idea; and consequently, one best versed in the resources of the language will naturally be most facile in its use." "Thus," I said, to give an illustration: Instead of saying as Dr. Brown did yesterday, that the bread was a little scorched, it might be expressed thus:

"In consequence of inattention, ignorance, incompetence, temporary absence or preoccupation of the colored divinity who presides over the culinary establishment of Ward 3,—vulgarly called the 'cook,' a part of the nutriment, the subsistence, the 'grub,'—a very essential part, which was that day

being prepared and intended for the alimentation and sustenance of the unfortunate beings who, by accident, exposure or fate were at that time sick or wounded and lying prone on a roughly extemporized bunk in a building near by, by courtesy called a hospital,—sick, wounded or else convalescent, and dependent on others, ourselves, towit, and deprived, doubtless much to their sorrow and regret, of the privilege of being at the front in the trenches or on the line of battle, battling for their country; towit, the bread,—being too long exposed to the oxidizing influence of the oven, had been somewhat scorched, burnt, or otherwise injured, being thereby rendered unwholesome and unfit for the purposes for which it was intended; towit,—the nourishment of the said sick, wounded or convalescent soldiers."

Or the fact that the bread was burnt, I said, "might be thus expressed, if one were very scrupulous as to the elegance of his diction, and wished to be exact, and not in the least to mislead or disappoint the Honorable Medical Director who, we knew, in his zeal, was famishing for tidings from the half dozen patients and the seventeen doctors at that post, saying nothing whatever as to the condition of the bunks and their sole tenants, the *Lectularius* family," and so forth, and so forth. I strung her out twenty-four pages, and didn't say anything except that the bread was burnt in cooking.

Dr. Warmuth (now living at Smyrna, Tenn.), came into the post surgeon's office one morning where all the officers assembled once a day at least, to make his report as officer of the day for the preceding twenty-four hours. Dr. Macdonald, an old U. S. army surgeon, and a strict disciplinarian, was the post surgeon; a good one on him presently. Dr. Warmuth wrote out his report and handed it to Dr. Macdonald. He said there was nothing to report, as usual, except that a pig had fallen into the sink in the rear of Ward 3, and he respectfully suggested that Surgeon ————, who would now come on as officer of the day, be requested to get him out.

Of course they had the laugh on me, and rigged me no little about the pig.

I put on my uniform,—coat buttoned up to the chin and devilish uncomfortable, I tell you; summer time; fly time,—fishing time, and the trout were striking like all-possessed. I put on my sword and sash and went on duty as "Officer of the Day;" all the other fellers went fishing, and took all the ladies, girls and wives, with them, leaving me, I do believe, the sole occupant of the town, outside of the hospital people; big fish fry and dance at the mill. Just my luck, I said.

I never once thought of the pig; there was no pig in it, of course; Dr. Warmuth was only poking fun at me and the medical director.

Next morning when we were all assembled in the

post surgeon's office, and Dr. Dick Taylor was telling how big that fellow was that broke his hook and he didn't catch, and making me green with envy, I was reminded that my report was then due, and I thought for the first time of that pig. I took a piece of paper and a pen, and knocked off this: (here the Old Doctor handed Dr. Hudson a newspaper clipping) without a break, and gave it to Dr. Macdonald:

"Surgeon Warmuth in reporting mentioned that a pig in sporting on the brink of the sink, attracted by the od'rous vapors began to cut up divers capers, and essayed at last to take a peep into the depths of the nasty deep; but owing to a little dizziness he got his pig-ship into business. I heard a squealing, which, appealing to every feeling of my nature, I quickly ran to get a man to lend a hand to help the porcine creature. The pig, in the meantime, became apprehensive that the stink of the sink (which was very offensive), would produce a fit of indigestion, revolved in his mind the knotty question, 'To be, or not to be.' He soon decided that if taken by our hands we'd save his bacon (not the Friar, but the fried), then another effort tried. Striving then with might and main, he landed on the land again, and scampered off with caper fine, a happier and wiser swine."

Dr. Macdonald began to read:

"Wha— what's this?" he said; "——pig in sporting on the brink of the sink——————?"

"That's my report as officer of the day, sir," I said.

"Respectfully forwarded to the medical director, not approved," he wrote on the back of it.

Dr. Stout returned it "not approved," and added "this dignified officer is expected to make a more dignified report."

But the young fellows in Stout's office "approved" *of* it, and they made copies of it, and it got into the *Atlanta Constitution*. There is where I got this; my wife found it with my old war things lately.

## DR. DICK TAYLOR, OF MEMPHIS.

AMONG the medical officers at Covington at the time I speak of, said the Old Doctor, was Dr. Dick Taylor, of Memphis. He was a rattler;—full of fun as a kitten, and as chuck full of fight as a buzz-saw. He is living yet, I believe. He was an impetuous, hot-headed little fellow, but withal a genial and most companionable one. He had his wife with him, and they had a little boy about three years old, named "Jesse Tate." Mrs. Taylor, like Mrs. Boffins in "Our Mutual Friend," was a "high-flyer at fashion,"—a

society lady. She was very proud of her little boy, and took great pains to train him in the way he should go, so that in the sweet bye-and-bye, he would not depart therefrom, but follow in the footsteps of his pa (nit). She had taught him the name of the President of these United States (temporarily, then, dis-"United"), the name of the President of the Confederate States, the Queen of England, and a whole lot of other information that it is thought all children should possess, and her great pride was to have the little fellow show off before company.

"Jesse Tate," his mother would say, "Who is President of the Confederate States?"

"Jeff Davis," the little chap would say.

"Who is Queen of England?"

"Victoria," Jesse would answer stoutly, and so on; she would put him through his paces before all callers.

Dr. Dick got tired of this nonsense, and he purposely confused the boy for a joke.

"Jesse Tate," he would say, "Who is President of the United States?"

"Abraham ————"

"Tut, tut," his daddy would say. "Queen Victoria is President of the United States." "Now, who is Queen of England?

"Vic————."

"Tut-tut," his father would say, "You mean Jeff Davis," and so on, until he got the little fellow

so confused that he didn't know which from 'tother.

One day some fashionable ladies called, and of course Jesse Tate had to go through his performances.

"Jesse Tate," his mother said, "tell Mrs. Henderson, like a good little boy, who is President of the United States."

"Queen Vic Davis," said Jesse stoutly.

"Oh, no, my son; you forgot; Abraham Lincoln is the President of the United States."

"Abraham Lincoln," said the child.

"Now tell Mrs. Henderson; who is the Queen of England?"

"Jeff Toria," said Jesse Tate.

Poor Mrs. Taylor was mortified beyond expression. She said:

"That's some of Dr. Taylor's work; he's always spoiling the child."

* * * *

One morning when we had assembled in Dr. Macdonald's office as usual, Dr. Macdonald who, you remember, had been a U. S. army officer, and was a great stickler for etiquette, said to Dr. Taylor:

"Doctor Taylor, I am much pained and surprised to hear that you so far forgot yourself yesterday, as I understand, as to curse one of the men,—a private. Kennedy, the ward master, complained to me yesterday that you had cursed him. You

ought to remember, Doctor, that in this war we are engaged in a cause almost holy; we are all brothers; our soldiers are citizens,—not hirelings,—and at home, for all you may know, Kennedy's social position may be as good as yours. It is only the accident of war that makes you an officer and him a private. Reverse the situation; and suppose that you were a private; how would you like for any one to curse you, just because he was an officer? You should treat the private soldiers with all kindness and consideration, because of their defenceless position and the hardships——"

Just then Kennedy burst in at the door, which had been closed, and in great excitement, exclaimed:

"Doctor Macdonald, the house is on fire!"

Macdonald, furious with rage and anger, had already, before Kennedy had gotten the words out of his mouth, jumped up, and had seized a chair and was in the act of knocking Kennedy into kingdom-come, saying:

"You d——m'd scoundrel!—how dare you enter my office without knocking?"

"But, Doctor, the house is on fire!" said poor Kennedy.

"I dont care if it is," said Macdonald; "I'll teach you to knock at my door when you have anything to communicate to me!"

We pacified him bye-and-bye. Kennedy had gone, crestfallen and much hurt.

"Doctor Macdonald," said Dick Taylor, "I am pained and surprised to see that you would so far forget yourself as to curse a private. You should remember, Doctor, that we are engaged in a holy cause, and that we are all brothers, and ———"

"Oh, you be hanged," said Macdonald.

* * * *

I had rooms in the house occupied by Dr. Taylor and his wife and Jesse Tate. It was a little cottage of four rooms and a hall through the center. It was Dr. Taylor's invariable custom to take a nap after dinner. It was summer. He would spread a pallet on the floor in the hallway, and would snooze an hour or so every afternoon.

I used to sit on the little gallery, or "porch," as they called it in Georgia, and read, usually, meantime. I had brought with me from Mississippi one of my men, a slave, a big black fellow named Jim. Jim was a kind of Jack-at-all-trades. I had given him permission to open a barber shop on his own account on the corner near our house. Of course he went by my name, and he had up a little sign, "Barber Shop," and his name underneath.

One afternoon the shop was closed, I suppose, for a big strapping fellow, a "sick soldier,"—a "hospital rat" as the chronic stayers were called,—a great gawky six-footer,—had been there to get shaved, I suppose, and not finding Jim, made inquiry for him, and had been directed to me, his owner, for information as to his whereabouts, as Jim went by

my name. So, this "grim, gaunt and ungainly" specimen came up to the little porch where I was sitting, reading, and with an attempt at a salute that looked more like grabbing at a fly than a salute, said:

"Is you the man what keeps the barber shop?"

The spirit of mischief, always on me, prompted me to say, very kindly:

"No; there he is, lying down in the hall. He told me to call him if anybody came; walk in."

So, the big fellow went in, and waked Taylor up. I dodged behind the corner of the house, for I knew what was coming.

Out came the fellow, at double-quick, and Taylor right at his heels, smashing Mrs. Taylor's little rocking chair over his head and back, and at every lick making the atmosphere purple with remarks that wont do to print.

"The confounded scoundrel!" said Taylor, when he was able to speak; "To have the impudence to wake me up, and, damn him, to ask if I was the man that keeps the barber shop!—your nigger!"

## PRESUMPTIVE EVIDENCE.

MY WIFE had a pretty, bright little darkey named "Flora." She was about ten years old, and while not old enough or trustworthy enough for nurse for the baby, she was an excellent hand to amuse him, and to keep him from swallowing the tack hammer, for instance. She was an admirable mimic, and, like many of her race, was a born musician. I remember she got hold of a harmonicon, somewhere, one of those little cheap toy things that now sell for a dime, and it is astonishing the amount of "harmony" she could get out of it.

My wife undertook to teach Flora to read. She got one of those little blue-back primers, in which there is a picture to illustrate the simple words. Like Smike in "Nicholas Nickelby," whom old Squeers, the Yorktown schoolmaster made spell "horse," and then go and curry *his* horse and feed him, so as to impress it upon the mind; there was "a-x, ax," and a picture of an ax; "o-x, ox," and a picture of an ox, and so on. Flora learned very rapidly to spell "a-x, ax," and "o-x, ox," and "j-u-g jug," etc., and could rattle it off nicely.

One day my wife, suspecting that Flora was getting along too fast,—that she was not learning to connect the sound of the letters with the object, after putting her through all of the "a-x, ax," and

"b-o-x, box," exercise, put her thumb over the little picture of the ox, and said:

"Flora, what is that?"

"O-x, ox," said Flora.

"How did you know that was 'o-x, ox?'" said my wife.

"I see'd his tail." said Flora, with a shame-faced grin.

## A CLOSE CALL—A BAD STAND AND A WORSE RUN.

I'VE BEEN tellin' you fellers about Covington a good deal, said the Fat Philosopher at next visit,—but I b'lieve I didnt tell you about the time I was killed, did I? No?

Well, it was while there were so few patients there and so many doctors,—that General Steadman, or Stoneman, I dont recollect which,—dont make much difference,—raided the place. We thought maybe he had heard of the state of affairs there, and being short on real good doctors sought this opportunity to replenish.

Now, surgeons,—non-combatants, are usually not taken prisoners; but on this occasion we feared

that finding so many of us, and with nothing to do, he'd relieve the Southern Confederacy of the tax of feedin' us. At any rate, we feared that the yanks might take along some of us, at least, if only as specimens, leaving only enough to care for the few remaining sick and wounded at that post.

Now, like the parable in the Bible about all those fellers who were invited to a party and didn't want to go, every feller had some excuse. For my part, like also one of the aforesaid, I had "married a wife," and we had a baby, and it would have been exceedingly inconvenient, to say the least, for me to make a trip North, even at the invitation of so distinguished a gentleman as General Whateverhisnamewas, without the wife and baby, especially. I particularly didn't relish the idea of visiting Johnson's Island at that season of the year, however attractive that place might be thought by others to be; so, when the news of the approach of the raiders was received, every man at the post lit out for the timber to hide and wait till the clouds rolled by. We never dreamed that they would want us so bad as to pursue us. It never occurred to any of us that the Federal army might be so short on doctors as to have these fellers scour the woods for a lot thought to be particularly choice. But they did.

Lesassieur and I (Lesassieur of New Orleans; he was bookkeeper at the hospital), we hid in a thicket, down in a little creek bottom about two miles from town, and kept as still as mice. By-and-

bye we heard the yanks talking, and heard the rattle of their accoutrements and the tramp of their horses' hoofs up on the hill to our left, and quite near us. It is likely, if we had staid still they would have passed us unobserved; but Lesassieur, like a fool, jumped up and ran. And I, like another fool, did the same.

There was a dense woods, the river bottom or swamp, about half a mile off, and that was our destination. We knew if we could reach that cover, pursuit would be impossible and would cease. But we had to cross an "old field" of broom sage before getting to it, and it was separated from the old field by a ten-rail fence. Across the field Lesassieur went like a scared rabbit, and cleared the fence at a single bound, as easily as a buck could have done it.

Now, as a jumpist I was never regarded by my many admiring friends with that degree of enthusiasm with which they regarded my many other accomplishments; and as for running,—well,—I never practiced, you know. I followed as fast as I could, however, but not near fast enough to keep even in speaking distance of Lesassieur. He was scared,—that's what ailed him. I thought, however, that a bad run was better than a bad stand, so I put in the best licks I knew how. Of course I wasn't scared;—oh, no. I just desired to advise Lesassieur to hurry up. He had an old mother, he

said, who would grieve for him if he came up missin'.

I hadn't gotten half way across this field when the yankees hove in sight. They were in hot pursuit,—seven of them, well mounted. They began to fire at me about three hundred yards off, and came with a whoop. They yelled like Comanche Indians. They were elated, I dont doubt, at the prospect of capturing an unusually fine specimen, —a young one.

They were getting uncomfortably near, and "bang," "zip," "bang" went the guns, the bullets hitting the ground all around me. The situation was getting serious. Lordy,—everything mean that I had ever done in my life went through my mind like a panorama in brilliant colors. I recalled without an effort all those things that I had done which I hadn't orter done, and similarly all those things that I had left undone, etcetera, and I felt that there was "no health in me" (see Sunday School books); and it did look as if very soon there would be no breath in me. At least that wasn't a very healthy place for doctors about then. Something had to be "did," and that pretty quick, or I'd be a cold corpus, and my wife a widow, to say nothing of the great loss to science and the Confederate army.

I had in my hand a small mahogany watch box, in which was my wife's watch, her diamond ring, and some eighty dollars in gold coin. (Lordy, if those yanks had known it.) My own fine watch I

had in my pocket, but no sign of it was visible, you bet. I had prudence enough to not tempt those young men; it would have been wrong. Presently a bullet struck that box and shattered it, scattering the contents "promiscuous."

I saw that I would be killed before I could reach the fence, and you know a feller thinks mighty fast when death is looking him in the face at short range. Stratagem came to my mind. I stopped, faced my pursuers, who, by that time were coming on the run, one feller checking up now and then to take a crack at me,—and throwing up my hands, waved my handkerchief in token of surrender. But, confound them, their early education in the ethics of war had evidently been neglected; they didn't know what a flag of truce was (it was a clean handkerchief, or I would not have much blamed them for not recognizing it). "Zip," "zip" went the bullets still, cutting pretty close, but missing me. At the pop of the next shot, I threw up both hands, and fell heavily forward,—dead,—they thought.

"Oh, I fetched him that time," said one.

In an instant they were all around me. I laid still. One fellow was drunk, and when he found I was not dead he pointed his gun at me and fired. He would have unquestionably finished me but for a boy, the youngest of the party, who knocked the gun up just in time to save me.

"Oh, dont shoot a wounded prisoner," said he.

"Are you much hurt?" asked one of them.

"No," I said,—very much at a loss how to round it off, fearing that when they found I had tricked them they would kill me. "I am not hit at all; but I saw I would be killed, so I offered to surrender, but you kept shooting, and that was the only way I could think of to make you stop; I surrender to *this* man," said I, pointing to the boy.

I got up on the boy's horse behind him, and slipped a $5 gold piece in his hand (one I had picked up of my scattered coin). The drunken man still wanted to shoot me. The boy gave me a pull at his canteen, for I was nearly famished for water. I was "spittin' cotton." Do you fellers know what that is? The boy said:

"I'll protect you and take you to the general."

The general, as soon as he saw that I was a surgeon, released me and said:

"What did you run for? You might have been killed; we dont take medical officers prisoner."

You bet I had a big attack of glad. I went home to my wife and baby with a glad heart. Dinner was about ready; we had a good dinner, too, and I made that yankee cavalry boy sit right down to the table with us, and we just treated him like a brother. We stuffed his haversack with pies and apples, and gave him a bottle of home-made scuppernong wine, ten years old, a product for which the Georgia people are famous. I wish I knew what

became of that boy. I kept his name and home address a long time, but lost it, somehow.

Find my stuff? Well, yes,—most of it. Next day I went to the spot. (I thought at one time of erecting a monument to me on the spot where I fell a martyr to the Lost Cause,—where the yankees killed me,—as they thought.) I hunted around in the broom sage where I fell, and was lucky enough to find most of the contents of my box; I've forgotten now, how much of it was missin'.

## THE DOCTOR SMUGGLES CONTRABAND SUPPLIES.

AFTER the storm was over, the post was broken up,—we were then in the enemy's lines,—and I was left there (at Covington), in charge of a lot of bad cases that couldn't be moved. Old man Giles, who had a little drug store, which, like everything else, was rifled, gutted, —robbed, came to me and said:

"Doctor, the yankees in plundering my store overlooked twenty bottles of chloroform. It was in the bottom of a box, with a false bottom over it. They took everything else that was in the box, and

thought they had gotten to the bottom, when they hadn't. Let me sell it to you for the Southern Confederacy."

"What will you take for it, Mr. Giles?" I said. "You know I have nothing but Confederate money."

"That's good enough for me," said the loyal old fellow. "I reckon it's worth fifteen dollars a bottle, aint it? And as the bottles are only about two-thirds full, we'll call the twenty bottles fifteen." (The fact is, there was a pound of chloroform in each bottle; but I didn't know it till I went to dispose of it in Augusta later.) So, I paid him for fifteen bottles at $15 a bottle, $225 Confed.

I took my twenty bottles of chlorofom to my room, and by filling each one reduced them to fifteen, thus saving space in packing. I hid them securely in the bottom of a small trunk, and taking the hint from Mr. Giles' experience, I put a bottom over them, a false bottom, for, being in the enemy's lines, I didn't know, if overhauled by a picket at any time on my way to Augusta, when I should be ready to go, but that the precious chloroform would be taken from me, which it surely would have been; it was contraband, and much needed by our people. Well, sirs, I finally got away the last of my sick and wounded, all who didn't die, poor fellows, and with my wife and young baby and my cook and nurse, I went to the nearest place where the railroad was not torn up, and took a

train for Augusta, which place we reached without accident or incident worth mentioning.

The very first person I met whom I knew was Peterson, of the medical purveyor's department, out looking for—chloroform! Said he:

"I'm on track of a lot of chloroform that I was told a blockade runner has brought in. I want to see what else she has."

I said: "What are you paying for chloroform?"

"We need it dreadfully, and Dr. Young sent me out to look for some, and if I came across any, to *get it*, at whatever price," said Peterson.

"Perhaps I can put you onto a lot, say, fifteen or twenty pounds;—what shall I say to the party it is worth?" I said.

"That aint the *question;* can I *get it?*" insisted Peterson excitedly.

"I'll see the party by 4 p. m. and let you know; but a price will have to be fixed, some time," said I.

"Offer her" (the most fearless and successful smugglers thro' the lines were "she's"), "offer her two hundred dollars a pound," said Peterson, getting more excited, "and if she says that is not enough, make it three hundred. Anything to get the chloroform."

I then told him that I had fifteen bottles, and stated that I had bought it in twenty bottles, but that they were not full, and that I had consolidated it to reduce bulk. I told him that I had brought it purposely to turn over to the Confederate author-

ities, knowing how much it was needed, and that I would not accept any such price for it as he was recklessly offering; that I had only paid $15 per bottle, and called it fifteen bottles, and that the government should have it for what it cost me.

He wouldn't hear to the proposition.

"Why," said he, "I would have to pay anybody else a big price for it, and would be glad to get it. You had all the trouble and risk of smuggling it in, and if you had been caught you would have been sent to prison at Johnson's Island, or elsewhere, and I aint a going to rob you in any such way."

And in spite of my protests he made out duplicate papers at $150 per pound, and informed me that there were full twenty pounds in the lot,—just ten times as much per pound as I had paid for it, and I got a pound and a quarter to the pound. He paid me $3000. My stars, Dan'els, if such speculations were possible now, wouldn't a feller get rich?

"No, Doctor; not your sort of 'fellers' and mine. It would be a case like the man who, at one time in his life, he said, could have bought a league of land in Texas for a pair of boots,—but he didn't have the boots," I answered.

* * * *

At that time you could buy anything at any price asked for it, with the absolute certainty of doubling your money on it next day, perhaps,—in a short time, at least, things rose so fast, or, rather, Con-

fed. script declined so fast. Why, an officer couldn't live on his pay, and but for speculations, opportunities for which were frequent, he would have been confined to the army ration of beef and hard tack; couldn't afford sweetnin' and coffee; I mean, real, shonuff coffee, or anything. I recollect, my pay and commutation for quarters and fuel and horse feed amounted to $365 a month. Think of that, and coffee scarce at $50 to $75 a pound.

I remember one day I bought a wagon load of home tanned leather from a countryman, and without unloading it from the wagon, sold it to the town storekeeper at $1200 profit; and made $2000 on a barrel of peach brandy after drinking off of it a week. Fact. (And the Old Doctor smacked his lips at the bare recollection of the delicious aroma of the Georgia home made peach brandy.)

I believe, said he, that what Homer called the "Nectar of the Gods" was Georgia peach brandy.

* * * *

When left at Covington, as stated, in charge of the few bad cases after the raid, I found on hand at the hospital quite a supply of New Orleans molasses, and a deficit of nearly everything else. I sent four barrels to Augusta and sold it, and with the money bought chickens and such things as the men needed. They couldn't live on molasses, you know, tho' I, myself, am pretty fond of sweet things. I can show you fellers today, the account of sales of that molasses at $37.50 per gallon.

## THE HOSPITAL SOLDIER.

SAID our ever welcome visitor on this occasion: The hospital soldier,—the "convalescents," they were generally called,—tho' many of them had convalesced so long ago that they had forgotten they were ever sick,—were omnipresent and all-pervading. About towns and villages they were simply everywhere. They invaded premises on any and all and no pretexts; loafed, stole fruit,—well, as they say now,—the woods were full of them. Go where you would, there you would see more or less gaunt, gray-clad figures, usually very dirty. Of course this was a class of soldiers, mostly conscripts, who would resort to almost anything to escape duty in the field. The better element were true Southerners, and as soon as able to leave the hospital would hasten back to their commands. It was not uncommon to see a soldier twice or thrice wounded. But there were hosts of pretenders, called, in war times, "malinguerers." I do not know the etymology of the word. It often required much watching and some ingenuity on the part of the surgeon to detect these fellows.

I remember one fellow who pretended to have a stiff knee. He played it on the surgeons for nearly a year. We were deceived by the fact that this party was an educated man and of good family. He should have been too proud to shirk duty and

play off, but he wasn't. I say should have been too proud. It is pride, pride of character, self-respect, regard for the opinions of others that makes a man brave. But for this element in the soldier's make-up, there are few who would face a charge. There would be no Hobsons, no Cushings.

This man had a soft position as bookkeeper in one of the hospitals. By-and-bye we began to suspect that that knee was not quite as stiff as he made believe, and we proposed to put him under chloroform to break up the adhesions, we told him; not intimating, of course, that we suspected him. He had said it was the result of rheumatism, and adhesions were supposed to exist. He expressed himself as being very anxious to have his leg restored to usefulness, and he could not very well do otherwise than consent to the proposition. Some of the hospital attendants had told us that this fellow was a fraud, and that they had seen him when off his guard, skipping along as brisk as a mink; but when he was hailed, the leg immediately got stiff, and he went to limping.

Three of the surgeons had an understanding that they would get everything ready to operate, and at the last moment remember that something was forgotten, so as to create a delay while the patient was in position, in order to test the powers of the voluntary muscles of the leg.

The man was accordingly put upon the table, the leg laid bare, and everything gotten ready for the

chloroform. He was lying on his back, with the legs just far enough down to bring the edge of the table under the knee. Just then I said:

"Here,—this is not the bottle of chloroform I want; there is a better sort on my desk I got out for this case; go and bring it quick."

(The messenger, however, had his cue that he was *not* to bring it quick.)

The stiff leg held out manfully; but it must have looked to the poor fellow that the man would never come with that chloroform. Presently the leg couldn't stand the strain any longer. It began to weaken and droop. As quick as a flash he would jerk it up,—but d-o-w-n it would go again, until the extensors just became paralyzed; human nature couldn't stand it, and the leg and foot just slowly went down, down, till that leg was as limber as the other. The game was up. He saw he was caught. He just got up, and putting a bold front on said:

"Well, gentlemen, you have beat me. I reckon I had better go back to my command."

"Yes," said I, "I think you had."

And he went.

# THE HOSPITAL DIETARY.

## NICE DISTINCTIONS WITH LITTLE DIFFERENCE.

AS MIGHT be expected from the character of the food, the cooking, which was of the most primative sort, the irregular life and the exposure,—the vicissitudes of the solider's life, diarrhœa was the prevalent, the almost universal disease, both in camp and in hospital. No matter what else a patient had, he had diarrhœa.

The Medical Director of Hospitals arranged a diet table, and all the hospital medical officers were required to prescribe what was theoretically supposed to be appropriate diet for each patient. There was "Full Diet," "Half Diet," and "Low Diet," but the victualing range was so limited that there was more of a distinction than a difference between them. Full diet was beef and cawn bread, and whatever else could be had, such as vegetables. Half diet was soup and toast, and such like; while low diet was rice and milk,—if you could get the milk. The poor fellows got awfully tired of rice. I remember one poor fellow, a delicate, thin boy, convalescent from a long spell of typhoid fever, the curse of camp and hospital. He needed nothing so much as wholesome, nourishing food. Rice and milk was his portion day in and day out. At last he revolted:

"Take it away," he said; "I had just as soon lie down and let the moon shine in my mouth as to eat rice."

And I am much of his way of thinking.

* * * *

On the surgeon's rounds every convalescent was expected and required to be at or on his bunk. We would go to each one and ask about his bowels, and prescribe "low diet." In a half hour after, if one should go out behind the barn or elsewhere, those convalescents would be found with haversacks full of green peaches or green apples or cucumbers or whatever else they could get, devouring them ravenously. Of course, they never got well. Diarrhœa got to be second nature with many of them.

Speaking of melingueres, there was a class of older men, for the most part conscripts of the farmer, or tramp class, who did hate the very sight of a gun, and many of them would manage to get sent to the hospital on some pretext or another, and as said, they made a protracted visit in most cases. A specimen of this class was an old ignorant fellow named Dusenberry. I found him amongst some new arrivals one morning, sitting on the side of a bunk, all drawn up. Of course, his name and regiment had been entered, and the diagnosis, "diarrhœa" recorded by the clerk,—diarrhœa, if nothing else. It was always a safe refuge: "Di-ur-ree," most of them called it.

When I got to him on my rounds, I said:

"Well, my friend, what is the matter with you?"

"Well, Doc,"—they would call all of the medical officers "Doc," the familiarity of the style, it seems, was intended as a manifestation of a friendly regard and to propitiate; I need not say it was not always appreciated, nor accepted in the spirit in which it was offered. "Well, Doc," he answered, "I mostly dont know 'zackly what ails me. I've got a misery in my chist, a soreness in my jints, a-a-kinder stiffness in my back, and a hurtin' a-l-l over!"

"Got the 'di-ur-*ree?*" said I, recognizing a make-believe at once.

"Yes, yes, Doc," he eagerly assented, "got it purty bad.

"Got the hypochondriasis?" said I, with a show of concern.

"The worst you ever *see'd*, Doc," replied the man.

"Put this man on low diet," I said to the nurse, and later, I told him to "watch him."

I found at another bunk a burly Irishman, who was real sick. I will say here, I never found an Irishman "malinguering,"—playing off. They made the best soldiers, as a rule, of any class, and you bet I am a friend to the whole race! God bless them, and give them "Ould Ireland,"—a free country, as a rightful inheritance! I said to him, with a view of finding out what was the matter, and what had been done for him before he came to me:

"What treatment have you had, my friend?" (meaning medical).

"Dom'd bad, Doc," said he.

* * * *

One night there was an arrival of a large number of sick and wounded, and every bunk was filled. All hands (but one, I learned later), went to work to relieve their necessities. I was busy with them, when one of the young assistant surgeons who had lately been sent to report to me, came and said that a lot of new patients had been sent to his ward, and asked me if I "wanted him to attend to them to-night?"

I just *looked* at him, a straight look, full of meaning, but said not a word. He attended to them. I mention this to show that there were doctors and doctors, then as now, and that the "beats" were not all conscripts and privates.

## A MEDICAL "HIGH DADDY."

WHEN I took charge of one of the hospitals at Marietta, said the genial Old Doctor, I found a great many soldiers there, apparently well and able to do duty in the field. There seemed to be as many attendants as patients. So, I had a cleaning up, a sifting out, and thus re-

cruited the ranks in the field, considerably. Every man capable of bearing and shooting a gun was needed at the front.

I had noticed a very officious chap acting as ward master or nurse in one of the wards; a big, strong, country fellow, strapping and hale. He is the fellow Dr. West told me of afterwards, who, on being instructed to give a certain patient a pill every two hours during the night, counted up that there would be six times to give medicine, and, I suppose, he reasoned that if one pill is good, six are better; he just gave the patient all six at one dose, and laid down to sweet repose.

When I got to this fellow,—they were all standing in a row, the attendants and supernumeraries, and I would question them and dispose of them "on their merits," as the saying is. I said:

"Well, sir, what command do you belong to?"

He was the most impudent looking fellow imaginable. He had a supercilious look, and when he spoke he turned his head on one side, after the manner of Mr. Pecksniff; he evidently had a good opinion of himself. He had been sent to hospital for some sickness (probably), but had been well so long he had forgotten it. He had probably gone from one hospital to another down the road as the sick were shifted lower down. It was a great trick for convalescents,—his sort, to get to accompany the sick to hospital, and they managed to make a good long stay, on one pretext and another.

"What command do you belong to?" I said.

"Me?" said he.

"Yes,—you."

"I belong to the 42nd," he replied.

"The 42nd *what?*" said I.

He looked at me in pity and surprise, and said:

"The 42nd rig*iment*" (with accent on "ment").

"Yes, I know," I said, "but what State? The 42nd regiment of what State troops?"

His surprise increased, and with astonishment depicted on his countenance, not unmixed with commiseration for my ignorance, he said:

"Why,—the 42nd GEORGIA, of course," as if there were no other troops in the field that he had ever heard of.

"Well," I said,—"what are you doing here? You are not sick now?"

"ME?" he said.

"Yes; you."

"Why,—I'm—er – er,—I'm the chief,—head.—*medical*, er–er–*medical* medicine–giver–of ward three!" in tones of surprise, that I should not be aware of a fact of such stupendous importance. He gave it to me slowly, for fear, evidently, of collapse. As it was, it had a most prostrating effect on me.

"Well," I said,—"I think you ought to be promoted. Go back to the 42nd 'rig*iment*,' and tell your colonel to make you head chief, medical or otherwise, bullet arrester; you'll be good to stop a bullet from some less important person."

## HIS IDEA OF HAPPINESS.

I REMEMBER once I was standing at the gate of the hospital talking to Dr. Pringle, the village doctor, who, having by some means escaped conscription, or was exempt in some way from military service, for you must know that before the war was ended everybody had to go; everything that could shoot a gun had to go to the front. Oh, war is just hell, as Grant said, and no mincing it, if you'll excuse an emphatic remark by way of parenthesis. At first the best men volunteered. As they were killed or died their places had to be filled, and if there were not volunteers,—and later,—there were not many,—the conscript officers got what was left. The first conscription took all men between 20 and 45; then, between 45 and 60; then between 16 and 20. "Robbing both the cradle, and the grave," one fellow expressed it. Hence, to see a man at home, and in citizen's clothes was indeed a rare sight.

Dr. Pringle was a handsome, dapper little fellow of the band-box sort. He was about forty,—very dressy, and smelt of sweet soap. His shirt front was starchy and stiff, and his black cloth suit was neatly brushed. He was real pretty to look at; such a contrast to his surroundings.

While we were in conversation, some half dozen or more "hospital soldiers," "convalescents," had

gathered around, and with mouths agape were listening to our conversation. Presently one cadaverous looking cuss,—the very picture of diarrhœa and the effects of diarrhœa, drawled out:

"Doctor, you ought to be a mighty happy m-a-n" (with rising inflection on "man").

"Why so, my friend?" said the doctor.

"'Cause you've got on a biled shirt, and your *bowels* aint outen order," replied the poor fellow.

## WHY HE WAS WEARY.

THAT reminds me of a good one, said the Old Doctor, when he could get his breath after laughing over the recollection of the fellow and his notion of perfect happiness.

There was a dandified little chap, a sweet-scented chap, literally, for he was always perfumed with Lubin's extract,—who was on duty, detailed as clerk in the commissary department. He claimed to be a nephew of General Joseph E. Johnston, and was generally known as, and called by the officers at that post, "Uncle Joseph's Nephew." He was a pretty blonde; parted his hair in the middle. It was curly and pretty, and he had the loveliest little blonde mustache. His name was Mitchell, but he

called it "Meshelle." He was immensely fond of ladies,—the young ones,—who petted him and made him a bigger fool than he was naturally. He was great on the sing; had a little creaky falsetto voice, and he trummed a little on the guitar. He wrote "poetry"; quoted sentimental pieces, particularly from Tom Moore. In brief, he was a pretty good specimen of Hotspur's "fop."

One summer afternoon, lolling in an easy chair, surrounded by a bevy of pretty girls, I saw him on the little gallery or porch of the residence of one of Covington's best families. The girls, half dozen of them, perhaps, were fanning him and petting him as he leaned back with the most affected air, and they were importuning him to sing. The balcony extended out to, and was flush with the sidewalk. Of course, a lot of "convalescents" had assembled to listen; they were everywhere where there was a prospect of anything whatever going on or happening, or likely to happen. They would seem to spring out of the ground. One of the girls was saying:

"Now, Captain Meshelle (with accent on 'shelle'), you must sing some for us." (Captain, nothin'; he was just a private. The only thing "Captain" about him was the trimmin's on his coat.)

"Oh, Miss Sue,—I cawnt sing, you know; only a little for my own amusement," said this swell, with an air that, as Sut Lovingood would say, made my big toe itch: I felt like kicking him.

"No, Captain, but we know you *can* sing, and *do* sing. Maggie says you sing just *too lovely* for *any*-thing, and we will take no denial," urged one of the girls.

"Do sing some for us, Captain," said another,—a pretty little black-eyed Miss; "Puss has come over tonight just *especially* to hear you sing, and it will be *such* a disappointment if you dont."

"What then, shall I sing?" said the "Captain."

"Oh,—just *any*-thing; anything you like," said all of the girls in chorus; "We'll leave it to you."

Thus encouraged and urged, our little dude straightened up, and with a finiky air, his eyes turned up like a dying goose, in a little falsetto voice he began:

"W-h-y—am *I* so w–e–a–k and *w–e*–a–r–y——" (with a heavy prolonged accent on "we").

At that interesting point one of the gray-backs who had been peeking through the ballusters of the little gallery, sang out:

"Hits 'cause you've got the di-ur-*ree*, you Sunday galoot!"

# HOSPITAL EXPERIENCES.

ON ONE occasion while serving in the hospitals in Georgia, it was at Marietta, and we had "Officer of the Day" there, too, and it was my day on, and I had to sleep at the hospital, —on entering my ward one morning,—there had been an arrival of sick and wounded early that morning, and the wards were all filled up,—the most pathetic, the most doleful, yet the most ludicrous sight met my eyes. In the central tier of the bunks was a young boy seated on, or rather, sitting propped up in bed on one of the bunks, who had been shot through the mouth while in the act of hollerin' (began the Old Doctor on this visit to the *Journal* office). The ball had passed clear through both cheeks, cutting the dorsum or upper part of the tongue pretty bad. There he sat, bolt upright, his face swollen till his eyes looked ready to pop out; the skin drawn tight, the tongue swollen to tremendous size, and hanging out about three inches, with ropes of saliva drippin' off; his face framed in by a handkerchief passed under the chin and tied on top of his head. It gave him the most distressed and the most distressing,—the most *aweful* appearance imaginable. Well, sirs,—he had an old screechy fiddle to his shoulder and was just making "Arkansaw Traveler" howl.

That's the spirit, Dan'els, that made the "Rebs"

almost invincible. But, excuse me, I should address such remarks to Hudson and Bennett and the boy; Dan'els knows.

* * * *

Amongst the new arrivals of sick and wounded on another occasion, whom I found in my ward, was a small dark-skinned man, apparently twenty-eight or thirty years old, who couldn't speak a word of English. I never did find out what nationality he belonged to. He had fine white teeth, coal-black hair, scant beard and small mustache, also very black. He had small sharp black eyes that twinkled. I think he was a Syrian, or Egyptian, or belonged to some of those eastern tribes; and his eyes had the look, and he had the general aspect of a hunted animal.

As I entered, he was lying on a bunk near the door, and he was watching the door narrowly, as if expecting something or somebody, with fear and dread. When I approached him and spoke to him, he made no answer, as he could neither understand nor speak United States, but his eyes showed some concern; he appeared to be anxious to know what I was going to do, to or with him. I had no means of finding out what ailed him, as I was not up in Syrian nor Sanscript nor Egyptian, nor yet any other language except my own mother tongue; so, physical examination was my only recourse for making a diagnosis. By signs I made him understand that I wanted to look at his tongue. When

that dawned upon him he poked out his tongue, readily, eagerly, it seemed to me, watching my every movement narrowly. But horrors! I could'nt get him to take his tongue *in* any more; he kept it out as long as I remained in the ward, following me with his eyes everywhere I went; and not till some time after I had finished my visit and left the room, the nurse told me, did he venture to draw in his tongue.

The next visit, as soon as I entered,—he was watching for me,—out went the tongue, and nothing could induce him to retract it as long as I was in sight.

I sat on the edge of his bunk, and in my efforts to find out what was the matter with him, for I had as yet no clew except that he had a rise of temperature, and I suspected typhoid fever, the most common form of fever those times,—doctors will readily understand why I palpated his inguinal region, and I'm a talkin' to doctors now,—I stripped up his shirt over the abdomen, and placing my left hand over the suspected region I palpated, tapped the fingers with the other hand; you all know,—to ascertain if there was tympanites there, or "dullness."

Well, sirs; with tongue still protruding,—a look as dark as his own Egypt (his or somebody else's), came on his face, and he just hauled off and struck me just as hard as ever he could; resented it as an

indignity, or an undue familiarity with his "in-'ards."

* * * *

Ah, the surgeons saw many things never dreamed of by other people. I could talk for hours on unusual things, even in surgery, witnessed by them in times of war.

I found in my ward one afternoon at my usual evening visit, a young man sitting on the side of his bunk eating his supper of rice, beefsteak and tea (the tea made of sassafras, most likely, for "store" tea was not to be had). I asked him where he was wounded. He had just arrived on the train from the front with a large number of others; they had all received their first dressings. He had a handkerchief tied under his jaws and over his head, covering the ears. With his finger he touched one ear then the other.

I took the handkerchief off: the bullet had gone in at one ear and come out at the other, literally. Of course nothing could be done for him.

In an hour afterwards the nurse came for me: the young man was dying from internal hemorrhage.

* * * *

A large shipment of wounded arrived at the Marietta hospitals about noon one day and were immediately distributed to the wards, and we went at once to work on them, of course. The first one I saw and went to on entering my ward was a young

man from Swett's battery, who was shot through the right lung with a minnie ball. I knew him well. We had gone to school together in Vicksburg when we were boys. His name was Walter Fountain. He was suffering great pain, and I placed a full dose of morphine on his tongue, and remarking, "You will be easy presently, Walter," proceeded to examine, wash and dress his wound. (You know we had no hypodermic syringes then: that was before their day.)

"Yes, I'll be easy presently," he said.

When I got through with him I had occasion to leave the room a few minutes, and hardly had the door closed behind me when I was startled by the report of a pistol. I hastened back; Fountain had blown his brains out. The poor fellow was "easy" now. I reprimanded the nurse for not taking away his arms on entering the ward, as was the rule. He said that he had concealed one pistol, giving up the other. He said:

"I was standing at the table with my back to him, rolling a bandage. When you went out I heard him say:

"'Farewell, father and mother,' and before I could look around, he had shot himself."

## ENCHANTED AND DISENCHANTED.

AH,—MY recollections of Chattanooga are ever fresh and green; they are delightful. In the springtime of life everything looks rosy; the prospect opens up before the vision most invitingly. The blood is warm,—the fancy free,—and, oh, what possibilities occur to one who, having health and strength, properly directs his energies! To many of us, however, it is the story, in the end, of Dead Sea apples; ashes on the lips. We dont pan out always, remarked the Old Doctor, with a sigh.

I had much leisure, and you bet I enjoyed it. Oh, the rides with the girls in the beautiful woods. The horseback trips to the summit of old Lookout Mountain,—the fish frys, the picnics. Of course, a good looking young officer, with handsome uniform, and apparently plenty of money,—plenty of spare time,—a fondness for young ladies' society, and a liberal share of impudence, was necessarily popular. It seems to me now, to look back upon those days and scenes, that the girls were prettier than they are now. In their "homespun" dresses, and, often, home made hats, they were as pretty as pictures. It may be that 'tis distance (of time) that "lends enchantment to the view," but I know distance couldn't "robe" those girls in homespun dresses.

There was one, in particular, whose image dwells with me to this day. Her name was Vannie Vogle. She was "the daintiest little darling of them all." She had the brownest hair, the fairest skin, the reddest lips, the most laughing, love-lit eyes, the lithest figure, the smallest foot, the highest, most aristocratic instep,—the softest touch,—oh, she was just too sweet for anything in this world except to roll into strips of peppermint candy. An anchorite could not have been indifferent to the charm of her presence. It looked to me that on her lips and in her eyes there was a standing dare to kiss her; it was audible in every glance of her gazelle-like eyes, every gleam of her rosebud mouth, every smile; and it was as much as I could do to keep my hands off of her.

One afternoon I called, and found her sitting alone on the little sofa in her parlor, the scene of many pleasant *tete-a-tetes* with her.

I went in on her unexpectedly,—unannounced. She smiled sweetly, but said nothing, and did not rise. Her eyes twinkled mischievously,—she kept her lips closed, and to any remark or question she made not a spoken reply. I was puzzled. I said:

"What's the matter with you, you little witch?"

She smiled, but said not a word. I said:

"I'll make you speak,"—and with that I threw my arms around her; I could stand the dare no longer,—and tried to kiss her.

She jumped up, and throwing me off, managed

to evade me,—and running out on the little gallery or porch, spat out a mouthful of brown juice. Looking reproachfully at me, as she wiped her mouth on the back of her hand, she said:

"You fool,—didn't you see I had snuff in my mouth?"

* * * *

## A FRIEND IN DURANCE VILE.

The guard house was on the main street of the town. It was a two-story brick store which had been converted into a prison by putting bars across the windows. Vannie and I often rode by there. I had a lovely racking horse, the one I got at Munfordsville; 'member? and she had a thoroughbred of her own. (*She* was a thoroughbred, you bet.) Back in my town where I had been raised, there was a particularly bad young fellow, almost a criminal, whom the young men would not associate with; he was a low down fellow, but a company of his sort had been formed (conscripted, no doubt), and brought out of Jackson. Of course, I knew the fellow and he knew me. His name was Dan Kerry.

As Vannie and I rode down by the guard house one afternoon in gay spirits, I brave in my fine uniform with oodles of gold lace on the sleeves, and my cap covered with ditto; stars on my collar,—oh, I was gay! As we passed the guard house, old Dan Kerry, for it was he, looking through the bars, yelled:

"Hello, Dickey, where the hell did you get them good clothes?"

I felt like I could have crawled through a crack half inch wide: and Vannie, the little minx, said, with a sly look out of the corner of her pretty eyes:

"Who's your friend, Doctor?"

* * * *

## A LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN SPRITE.

But Vannie was not the only pretty girl there, by a jug full; there were lots of them, said the Doctor. *Of course,* the time I speak of was before I got married, you goose, said he indignantly, in reply to a question from Hudson.

There was one we called "The Daughter of the Eagle's Nest," because she lived up on top of Lookout Mountain. She was a brilliant beauty, and the most dashing, fearless horsewoman I ever saw. I was riding up the mountain one afternoon, alone, and happening to look up overhead,—away out on the very brink of a precipice five hundred feet above me, there stood a magnificent horse, on whose back sat a lady with a scarlet jacket on, and her hair fallin' loosely down her back. It was she, "The Daughter of the Eagle's Nest." I thought it was the prettiest picture I ever saw; the most romantic scene. She was the impersonation to my mind, of Scott's Di Vernon.

## THE CLEVER QUARTERMASTER.

### A ROMANCE OF ARMY LIFE IN CHATTANOOGA.

THE OLD DOCTOR entered the *Journal* office on this occasion looking unusually radiant. I saw at once that he was "loaded"; so, giving him a good cigar, showing him courteously to his customary seat, while I, in default, occupied the nail keg, I proceeded to draw him out.

"Got something on your mind that pleases you, I see, Doctor," said I. "Let's have it."

After a few preliminary puffs of the Havana, the curling smoke of which he regarded with the eye of a connoisseur as it circled in blue rings above his head, he said:

I reckon, Dan'els, my being detailed by General Bragg at Chattanooga to serve on a general court martial was an experience unique in the history of wars; a surgeon, a non-combatant, serving as prosecuting attorney of a military court. Fortunately for me I had acquired considerable knowledge of the law, having begun its study before I studied medicine, and I was able to acquit myself with credit, so I was assured by the late Judge Jno. B. Sale of Aberdeen, Miss., and later of Memphis. Judge Sale was one of the great lawyers of the South in that day, and why he was not then made Judge Advocate instead of me, is one of the unfind-

out-able things of the past. He was a captain of the line, having raised and brought out of Mississippi a splendid company of volunteers. He was at Chattanooga, convalescent from a wound, I think, at the time the court was organized. He was detailed as a member. Knowing his ability, and having a great admiration and friendship for him, of course I got points from him in making up my "briefs" or indictments, as the case may be. Later, Judge Sale was appointed and commissioned Judge Advocate-General on Bragg's staff.

While serving on that court, of course I was relieved of all other duty, and it was a picnic. Court was called at 10 a. m., and usually adjourned at 2 p. m. Why, I had more leisure than I could dispose of; couldn't *give* it away. I tried everything; fishing, frolicking, flirting. That's how I saw so much of Vannie and the other girls.

But, boys, it was too funny to see a big, six-foot Tennessean, a soldier, detailed as guard, and stationed at the door of our court, salute me, as I entered of mornings, with a bundle of papers under my arm for appearances; I, a smooth-faced chap of 23, as unsoldierly a looking chap as one would expect to see in a day's march. He would make a grab at me as I entered, intending it for a *salute*. The military salute of a soldier to a superior consists of raising the right hand rapidly to the visor of the cap,—palm outwards, fingers erect,—and lowering it to the side with a graceful sweep outward. This

fellow had an idea of the salute, but he grabbed at me instead. He would raise his hand to about the chin, fingers half closed and pointing outward, and the manœuvre looked more like he was trying to catch a fly "on the fly" than salute an officer. It was *too* funny,—especially as he would call me "Jedge."

But, I set out to tell you about the clever quartermaster. He was my room mate, and he was just the cleverest fellow that ever was. His name was Riddle, Captain Riddle; and he was the post quartermaster. He was universally called the "Clever Quartermaster," because he was so accommodating, —especially to the ladies. His home was in New Orleans, and he was engaged to be married, should he live to return, to a young lady of that city, and he did live, and did return and did marry her, and, as they say in the story books, they "lived happily forever afterwards." He was fidelity itself. He was very fond of ladies' society, and while he couldn't help flirting a little, for the same reason that the Irishman struck his daddy,—because "it was such an illigant opportunity," he was true to his love. He carried her picture "over his heart," he said, but I saw him take it out of his coat tail pocket, and couldn't help reflectin' that if one's heart can only "be aisy if it's in the right place," he must have had a troublesome time, if *there* was where he carried his heart. I used to catch him looking at the picture, often. He was about twenty-

five years old, but everybody called him "Old Riddle,"—I dont know why. I can see him now,—his laughing face covered with a full, auburn beard, and his laughing blue eyes twinkling with merriment. One reason I liked him was because he would laugh at all my jokes; he'd laugh at anything. A man who will do that for a feller gets mighty close to his affections, dont he, Dan'els? Riddle was a number-one business man, as well as a most genial and delightful companion; still there was something about him suggestive of a pet cub bear. I was devoted to him. We roomed together, as I said, and my chief delight was to "rig" him; tell jokes on him of which he was innocent. If I made any *faux pas,* or got into any scrapes,—which I often did, I'd make a "scapegoat" of Riddle, and tell it as having happened to him and not me; see? Oh, he was an ideal room mate. In fact I was a young rascal. I kept his secret for him, but got out a report on him that he had addressed the young lady referred to in another place as the "Daughter of the Eagle's Nest," and that she had kicked him.

I told one of the girls that I had a good joke on the captain, and promised to make a romance out of it for her,—for,—dont laugh, Dan'els, you nor Hudson; I know Bennett wont, for he's in love now, and all such matters are, with him, sorter "holy" you know,—I used in the sappy days of my adolescence, the "fuzzy" days of my green youth,—to–to attempt *poetry!* Fact!

Well, Riddle had a clerk named Bingham, who, somehow got the nick name of "Bingingham," and another clerk, a spoony, wormy looking little fellow, named Dent, who worked in the quartermaster's department. Dent affected the flute, and was sentimental as well as wormy, or because he *was* wormy, I dont know which, and I suppose it dont make any difference.

I wrote out a rig-a-marole in doggerel about Riddle and his imaginary love affair, and sent it to Miss Maggie Magee, who used to love to tease old Riddle (I think, now, she was trying to catch him, herself; oh, Bennett, the ways of girls are past finding out; you might as well surrender).

On her way to church, Miss Maggie, who had it in her bosom, and intended to show it to the other girls (in the choir), dropped the manuscript on the street. It was picked up, and somehow it got into the papers.

Well, sirs,—I like to have gotten a duel on hand; not with Riddle, oh, no; he *liked* it; he thought it was just too good for anything, and had Dent busy a month making copies of it,—but with the young lady's father, bless you,—and I had to do some tall lieing to keep him from just frazzling me into small pieces; he threatened to "wear me out."

It created no end of fun. One paper after another published it, till finally it got into the Northern illustrated papers, and I saw a copy of it with the funniest little pictures imaginable, and an edi-

torial about it. It was given in a sort of derision as an illustration of the efforts of "Secesh poets."

Here is the plaguey thing now. You can have it if you want it. My wife came across it the other day, along with my "oath of allegiance to the United States," some assignments to duty,—Provost Marshal's permits to walk about, etc.,—I had clipped it from the Chattanooga *Telegraph*, then edited by Henry Watterson; he hadn't gotten to be "a bigger man that Grant" then. My wife thinks it is real smart. Here it is; read it, Dan'els."

THE CLEVER QUARTERMASTER, OR THE FATE OF THE FLIRT.

Chattanooga, Tenn., May 12, 1863.

MISS MAGGIE:

Let me tell you a good story
On my room mate, Captain Riddle;
Captain Riddle,—Quartermaster
Of the Post of Chattanooga;
Riddle, with the auburn tresses
All combed back so slick and shiney;
Riddle, with the whiskers auburn,—
(*He* says auburn; *I* say sunburn [t]).
Tell you of his many virtues,
Tell you of his winning ways;
Of how he came, and how he tarried,—
How he courted,—would have married
Chattanooga's fairest daughter,
But she thought he "hadn't ought to"

"Shake" the girl he "left behind him."
Now, how she knew that he was "mortgaged";
How she knew that he was joking,—
When he told her of his feelings,—
Feelings of a tender passion,
Which, he told her, she had 'wakened,—
'Wakened by her smiling eyes,
I know not; nor do I reckon
Anybody else can tell.
It's not the province of us poets
To sing of things unless we know it
All "by heart."
But *who* he is, and where he came from;
*How* he came, and what he did;
*When* he did it, and *how* he did it,—
What he said, and how he said it,—
Be my theme, and you will know it
Like a book, when you have read it.

* * * *

In a far-off creole city,—
In the land of milk and honey;
Land of beauty rich and rare,—
Beauty that's not bought by money;
(That just fits, and it's so funny
That I'm bound to put it in);
Where the sun forever shines,—
(On this far-off creole city);
Shines so steady,—shines so hot it
Melts a fellow (what a pity
That the yankees ever got it);

## THE CLEVER QUARTERMASTER.

In this far-off Southland city,
Where the cactus rears its head;
Where the groves of orange blossom;
Where the gentle South winds speak
Nought but love.
Where the magnolia's lily cheek,—
Fairer than the fairest maiden's,
Is kissed by the gentle evening zephyrs;
In this land, and in this city—
In Union street and near the city
Livery stables,—stables that do smell offensive,
There lived a youth,—not sad or pensive,
But a gay and festive cuss;—
Gayer than Old Will-the-weaver,
Gayer than a gay deceiver,—
Gayer than a peacock gaudy,—
Gayer than a speckled puppy
With a ribbon 'round his neck.

This the youth and this the hero
Of the many deeds I sing;
Hero of this song sublime;
Hero of my first attempt,—
In writing which I spend my time,—
Time more precious than is money;
Time more precious than are shin-
Plasters of the bank of Chatta-
Nooga,—or the many-colored plasters
Which are now so very plenty.

This the youth and this the hero;

This the Clever Quartermaster;
This the favored of the ladies,—
This the favored of the press.
Girls, to gain his good opinion
All consult him as to dress,—
As to every little matter,—
Whether picnic, dance, or *soiree*,—
Buggy ride or small tea party;
Whether fancy dances dizzy,
With some fellow slightly boozy
Are *a la mode*.
If Riddle shakes his head,—
Big old head with whiskers shaggy,
The fiat's made, and all the Misses
Lift their hands in holy horror,
And exclaim, "Oh, shocking taste
To have an arm around one's waist."

* * * *

Shall I tell you how he met her?
Where he met her? What he said?
Met Chattanooga's fairest daughter,—
Daughter with the flowing tresses?
With a laugh like gushing waters,
Making music in the air?
With the eyes so soft and tender,
Full of love and soft emotion?
Eyes, beneath whose silken lashes
Soft and warm the love light dwells;
And whose lips are so bewitching
That a fellow's fairly itching

To kiss from their cherry softness
The fragrant nectar nestling there?
Tell you all about the nonsense
He had whispered in her ear,—
Ear forever lent to listen
To the siren song of love?

Yes; but all you girls have had experience
In this pleasant sort of thing,—
And all of this you'll take for granted;
They were pretty well acquainted;
Had met at evening's twilight hour,—
Had met beneath the vine-clad bower,—
Bower through whose vine-clad lattice
Fell soft Luna's silv'ry rays.
Had met at church,—at choir,—at tea;
Had met at tea at some kind neighbors;
Had met and mingled at their neighbors.

'Twas in Tennessee,
In Chattanooga,
At Mrs. Blankse's
In the parlor—
Behind the door,—
In a chair.

There he met this lovely maiden,—
Lovlier far than the most radiant
Dream of love that ever flitted
With a form, oh, light and airy,—
Flitted like a winsome fairy
Thro' the poet's burning brain.

I cannot now put in rhyme
All that was said on that occasion.
The fact is,—I havn't time,—
Even to tell how the dancers
Mingled in the mazy dances;
How they danced and how they chatted,
How the music's 'livening strain
Thrilled the dancers as they chatted,—
Chatted as they moved along;
Chatted like some young canaries,—
Chattered like a lot of squirrels;
Chatted like the very dickens.
Nor to tell of how Mechelle,—
"*Me-shelle*,"—"Uncle Joseph's nephew"
Put on the fancy licks and "did
The thing up brown."
How this beau with eyes so tender,—
How this beau with form so slender,
Swayed his figure to and fro;
How this heaviest "heavy coon dog"
Turned the ladies in the quadrille,—
Turned the ladies on the corners,—
Turned them while they gaily chatted,—
Chatted as they moved along;
While old Adam played and patted
On the floor with even measure,—
Measure keeping to his song.

* * * *

In the dance they met each other;

Met,—and turned,—and moved along;
Moved through dance without emotion.

* * * *

Now the dance was done and over;
All the guests had now departed,—
Departed, sleepy, to their homes.

But, alone, this happy couple
Arm in arm moved gently 'long:
Moved gently 'long the long piazza;
Moved along in the silv'ry moonlight,—
Moonlight falling gently o'er them,—
Falling o'er them like a dream.

Thus they walked, with hands entwining;
Thus she walked with head inclining,—
With her tresses gently resting,—
Resting on his manly breast.
Thus he woo'd her,—didn't win her,
Woo'd her with this siren song:

"Chattanooga's fairest daughter,—
'Daughter of the Eagle's Nest';
Daughter of the fertile valleys;
Daughter of the laughing waters;
This fond heart for thee is pining,—
This fond heart is yearning for thee,—
Yearning for thee as its mate.
Thy loved image in it dwelling
Rules supreme in every thought,—
The mistress of each kind emotion,—

Mistress of each rising joy,—
Mistress of each aspiration.
In my room so sad and dreary,—
In my room so bleak and drear,—
Sit I, lonely, making abstracts,—
Abstracts of my daily 'issues.'
There my sweetness daily wasting,—
Wasting on the desert air.
Come with me to my own country;
Come with me and be my mate.
There old 'Bingingham' shall please thee
With his songs of glories past.
Songs of how he always used
To "do" the vendors of produce,
Produce offered in our markets,
In our far-off Southland city.
There old Dent,—the funny fellow,
Good old Dent,—the story teller,
(Tells them better when he's 'mellow'),
Shall regale thy leisure moments
With sweet music's softest strain.
There with (f)lute so sad and plaintive,—
Plaintive as the cooing dove,
Shall woo thee for me,—sing to thee,
And tell thee of my speechless love."

* * * *

Then this maid so meek and modest,
Gently turned her head away;
Turned her soft eyes from his face;
Turned her fairy form around;

Turned her back upon old Riddle.
Raised she then her fairy hand,—
Rai-ed her hand with tiny 'kerchief,—
Raised it to her ruby lips,—
Raised it to her eyes so meek,—
Gentle eyes, suffused with tears;
O,e'd her lips,—and after sneezing,
Thu- replied:

"Go away, you gay deceiver,
Gayer than is speckled puppy;
Go away you heartless wretch!
Leave the maiden whose affections
You have won, to die alone.
Your soft words have waked the passion
Slumb'ring in her maiden breast,—
The infant passion struggling there.
Chattanooga's lonely daughter
Will not go to your distant country,
Will not believe a word you've told her;
(Let her 'pine'),
You've *got a girl in Lou'siana.*"

* * * *

Old Riddle shook his shaggy head,
And scratched it, too; was sore perplexed
To know by what means she discovered
His faith and love already plighted
To "the girl he left behind him."

He tarried not,—but straight he left her:
Left her to her thoughts alone;—

Left her, without another word,
And straight way home he toddled;
Saying, as he moved along,—
Moved along with pace unsteady:
"I wonder who the thunder told her?
It must have been that frisky doctor."

## LOVE'S STRATAGEM.

### THE DOCTOR PUTS UP A JOB ON THE MAJOR.

I ALWAYS had a mighty sharp eye for pretty girls, said the Old Doctor, as he seated himself in our office chair. If there was one in the neighborhood, I'd find her. A regular "butterfly-lover," I flitted from flower to flower, always deepest in love with the last girl I met.

There was one in the neighborhood when we were camped near Chattanooga, some two weeks before Bragg invaded Kentucky. I found her, of course, and "had it pretty bad." She lived down the valley some three miles below our camp. Her name was Mary Coffey. Her father was a rich, pompous old fellow named "General" Coffey. Why "General," I dont know; militia general once, I reckon, away back in the forties. In the South in those days,

everybody who was anybody in particular had a military title, and the titles were graded according to one's importance in his vicinity, and ranged all the way from "Cap," bestowed on the postmaster and the city marshal, through "Major," the title of the editor, "Colonel," the title of the town lawyer and politician, to "General" for the fat, old rich fellows. Hence "General" Coffey, I suppose. He had the gout;—one foot all swelled up and bandaged, and he hobbled about, when he hobbled at all, on a stick and a crutch. He was a typical old-school gentleman of the South, hospitable, fond of company, a great talker and a great reader; had nothing else to do but talk and read, when he could get anybody to sit still and listen to him. His "overseer" attended to business,—the general was a planter,—and the general staid indoors mostly, taking his toddy, smoking his pipe and reading. He was a widower, and lived alone with his one child, this pretty daughter. Well, I became very fond of Miss Mary, and went to see her every night; but, confound it, the old general would hobble in the parlor and anchor himself and stay till I left. He had a yarn about some seven or eight foolish virgins who didn't keep their lamps trimmed, and got out of oil on a critical occasion (see the Bible). He drew an analogy between these negligent virgins and the Confederate government, applying it in some way, that I never did understand, altho' he told it to me every evening for a week. It took

him about an hour to tell it, and he would tell it with as much gusto and relish as if it were the first time. So, Mary and I could do nothing but grin and bear it, casting loving looks at each other whenever the old man would stoop over to spit; or "play hands" on the sly. That would never do in this world. I'd get out of practice making shonuff love, and I was just dying to get Mary by herself. Love laughs at locks, they say. I set to work a scheme, and finally put up a job on the major. The major was a fat fellow named Robison, a bachelor, about forty years old. He was an aide, or something, on the general's staff; our general, not General Coffey. He was as vain as a peacock, a regular "masher," and prided himself on his (to him) good looks and his "conversational powers." Next day I said:

"Major, dont you want to call on a pretty young lady tonight?"

"Yes," said the major, as he glanced at himself in the little pewter-rimmed mirror hanging on the tent pole, and stroking his mustache lovingly, "who is she?"

"It's Miss Coffey, only daughter of General Coffey, a rich old Southern planter down the valley a little way. He's a fine old gentleman, a fine scholar, a great reader, and you will enjoy his society, I am sure, as only one of your literary attainments can," said I.

The major swelled with pride, and took another side glance at himself. "All right," said he; "we'll

go to night. The nights are lovely now; moon about full, and if there is anything I *do* love it is to talk to a pretty girl by moonlight."

I didn't say anything to this sentiment, tho' I could have said with Platt, "me, too," and added, —"yes, I see you at it now; something I have been trying to do for a week, but the general—." Instead, I said:

"Major, I ought to warn you now, that the general will talk you to death if you let him."

The major drew himself up proudly, and with a scornful look and a most conceited smirk, said:

"You forget, my son, that I'm a lady's man, and something of a talker, *myself.*'

"All right," said I.

So, we went, that very night. The major got himself up in his best shape, dress parade uniform, epaulets, plumed hat and all; coat buttoned up to the chin, which must have been very uncomfortable, as it was yet September and pretty hot. He was so fat the buttons were on the strain, and he looked like a stuffed frog. I wore a "fatigue" coat,—loose and easy-like. The major had a horse he called "Flop." I rode my little bay.

Entering the parlor on invitation of a servant, we found the general and Miss Mary both there.

"General Coffey,—this is my distinguished friend, the gallant Major Robison, of the general's staff; Miss Coffey, Major Robison."

After a cordial welcome, the general and the

major were soon engaged in an animated running talk, the major getting in his licks with commendable and encouraging skill, and he was in fine spirits. I gave Miss Mary my arm, and excusing ourselves, we went out on the long front gallery in the moonlight. We staid out till eleven. Oh, it was a lovely night, indeed; full moon, cloudless sky, clear Southern atmosphere, and so still I could hear myself think what a good joke I was having on the major. The lovely valley, of which the gallery commanded a fine view, lay peacefully spread out before us, and there was nothing to suggest that "grim visaged war" was snoring all along the banks of the Tennessee, in about two miles of us, and that tomorrow we should see him shake himself and put on the Byronic "magnificently stern array." In fact, the stillness was unbroken, except by the barking of a little dog away over yonder, who, hearing the echo of his voice, would bark at it, and thus keep up the endless chain all night, I reckon. But I wasn't thinking of the night, nor the army, nor war, nor the valley, nor the little dog, just then. I was in better business. Yum, yum. Ever been there, Dan'els?

Byme-by Mary said:

"I reckon we'd better go in and see how father and the major are making it. It wont look right if we stay out all evening."

So, we went in. As we entered the light of the hall, she dexterously flipped off a little face powder,

which had somehow gotten on the left breast of my coat, and picked off a long yellow hair, which somehow had gotten tangled on a button. We entered the parlor. The general had gotten the bulge on him and was doing all the talking, long since. The major, whose face was red, eyes ditto, jumped up quick, and swallowing a yawn, said:

"Well, doctor, it's about time we were going"; and was about to be off.

Miss Mary said: "Oh, it's early yet, and such a lovely night." (I could have hugged her, then and there, or anywhere else). I took out my watch. It was eleven o'clock. I didn't announce the fact, however, but said:

"Major, has the general told you his beautiful allegory of the seven virgins, yet?"

"No," said the old general, quickly; "I'm glad you reminded me of it. Sit down, major, and let me tell it to you."

And the major had to sit down, but he did it with a bad grace, and with a glance at me as dark as Erebus.

I again gave Miss Mary my arm, and asking them to excuse us, as we had had the pleasure of hearing it, we went out on the gallery again, and had another picnic. (More face powder and yellow hairs to brush off; yum, yum.)

I said it took the general an hour to tell the yarn. I knew just how to time our stay on the gallery, and made hay, figuratively, while the (moon) sun

shone. Presently a rooster away over yonder waked up and gave the midnight signal. Another took it up and passed it down the line our way, till the general's chickens caught it, and repeated it about a thousand times, seemed to me; crowing for midnight. We went in. The general was nearing the climax, and was as wide awake as a mink. But the major. My stars! He was mad; mad as a wet hen. He was so mad he looked, as big as he was, to be actually swelled. His eyes were red; he was sleepy, shonuff, and couldn't swallow the yawns, but had to let them come out. He jumped up, cutting off the general about at "lastly," and was hardly civil in leave taking, notwithstanding the old gentleman's courteous invitation to call again, which was repeated so sweetly by Mary. He bolted out of the door and made for "Flop," muttering between his clenched teeth: "Yes, *I'll* call again." He was so mad he blowed like a porpoise; he even snorted. I didn't say a word; dasn't. Neither did he. We mounted in silence and rode away, I keeping just a little behind the major, and as mum as an oyster. We rode out of the lawn,—rode across the peaceful valley, up the slope of a hill, from the summit of which could be had a fine view of the old colonial manor house of the general's we had just left. Arrived at the summit the major turned his horse around, reined in; "Whoa, Flop," he said, and then, slowly and deliberately and for about a minit, shook

his fist in the direction of the house, and said, with great deliberation:

"General Coffey; G—d——*d*—*n* you and your seven virgins and their oil!"

I fell off my horse and just rolled on the ground and hollered. I didn't go near the major for a week, and when I did he threw a rock at me.

## WHAT PUZZLED THE DOCTOR.

DAN'ELS, said the genial old gentleman, the next time he favored the *Journal* office with a visit, continuing his remarks anent "commutation," touched upon in a former recital; Dan'els, speaking of commutation for quarters, fuel, rations, horse feed, etc., durin' the war, I know you fellers dont understand what it was. I'll explain it to you, as well as I can, for there is one thing connected with it that I cant get thro' my head, and never did:

A colonel (of whatever arm or staff), is, when on post duty, entitled, in addition to his pay, to be furnished with four rooms or tents for "quarters"; —feed for four horses, and four cords of wood a month. A major to three, and a captain to two of

each item mentioned; while a lieutenant is entitled to only one room, feed for one horse and one cord of wood a month. Or, if they prefer, they could procure these things on their own hook, and the government would allow them pay in lieu of furnishing them. Most all of the officers preferred to draw the pay and provide for themselves; there was money in it.

Now, I never could understand the discrimination. It surely doesn't take any more room for a colonel to sleep in than it does for a captain, and no more wood to keep a major warm than it does a lieutenant. There was I, a "Major," entitled to my three cords of wood, and old Doctor Barker, as big as two of me, but only a "Captain" and assistant surgeon,—*he* had to keep warm as best he could on two measley little cords of wood. See? It aint fair. And bless your soul, he had to sleep in two rooms, while little *I* could spread myself around loose all over three rooms and warm myself by three fires at once.

And the Philosopher shook with merriment at his alleged wit.

# THE STORY OF A STUMP.

WHEN the Old Doctor was last in Austin and honored the *Journal* office with a visit, I said to him:

"Doctor, did you ever notice that old crippled Confederate soldier sitting on the steps at the capitol?"

Yes, said he,—I know him well. I amputated his leg at Atlanta.

It is a very common thing these days, and has been for many years, to see a stump, continued the Doctor, to see some ex-Confederate stumping his weary way through life on crutches or a wooden leg; so common that it does not challenge a remark, or hardly a notice; we do not give it a thought.

But, oh, how eloquent is that stump, or that empty sleeve! What a tale it could tell,—if anybody had time to listen to it. See that old fellow, now, pegging along there on his wooden stump, too poor to buy even an artificial limb. Old, gray and grizzled. Time was, when he was young. Time was, when he, too, was fired with patriotism,—shall we say?—or misdirected zeal?—to take up arms against his flag, and thought it was a religious duty. Time was, when the hot blood of youth coursed through his veins, and he throbbed with the exhilaration of love, and hope, and ambition, perhaps;

when the light of love shone in his eyes, as he pressed Mary to his bosom; when, knapsack on back, and gun in hand, he hurried from home to join the boys going to the front;—or stole a kiss, perhaps, from timid, trusting little Lucy,—a meek-

*"Hurried to join the boys at the front."*

eyed maiden who already saw in her soldier lover a hero, and to whom he had pledged his undying faith.

Time was, when, with recollections of Mary, or Lucy,—perhaps with the fragrance of that last kiss lingering still in his memory, he joined the terrible charge, to "seek the bubble reputation at the can-

non's mouth,"—to prove himself worthy of her; and like "Brunswick's fated chieftain, foremost fighting, fell."

*"Foremost fighting fell."*

Time was, when, fainting from the loss of blood, he was carried to the field hospital, where the first dressing was put on his wounds, and the blood stanched; when, delirious with fever and pain, later,

at the general hospital, the bearded and the beardless surgeons consult, and decide that the loss of a leg is necessary to save life; when consciousness is restored, and the alternative is told him,—quick as a flash he sees the long years ahead, when, lame and old, and perhaps friendless, he shall drag out

*"Carried bleeding to the rear."*

a miserable old age in some "Home" or asylum; or die of hunger and neglect on the roadside. But he loves life; he clings to delusive hope. "Cut her off, Doctor," he says, stoutly, but with a suppressed sigh.

The fumes of chloroform are suggested to me by

every stump. I see a strong man stretched prone on the table. I see the aproned surgeons,—stern of visage,—kind and gentle of heart; I see the gleam of a long knife; I see the warm life blood spurt out as it cleaves the quivering white flesh. I hear the grating of the saw as it cuts its way thro'

*"Cut 'er off, doctor."*

the bleeding bone. I see the ghastly wound, gaping, gory; its flabby flaps weeping crimson tears. The thirsty sponge drinks them eagerly; they are quickly dried, closed, stitched; and a roller bandage is turned around the stump. The form is transferred to a cool cot beneath the shade of a

wide-spreading oak, and a nurse sits by to fan him and keep off the flies.

He rallies from the sleep of the merciful anesthetic. He slept all through the ordeal. A minute seems not to have elapsed since the first whiff of the chloroform; he felt nothing, knew nothing. He wakes to find his leg gone. He brushes away a tear, and a big lump comes in his throat, as he thinks of Mary, in the little house on the hill; or of Lucy, may be,—if it be she,—the meek-eyed maiden to whom he is promised; who sees in the army but one figure,—in the list of wounded but one name, and it is burned into her very soul as she reads opposite that name in the paper, "desperately wounded."

Then, the long, long days of fever and pus; for in those days, you know, Dan'els, we knew nothing of "germs" and "antiseptics," nor how to prevent suppuration; we believed it necessary to healing. Oh, the suffering,—the days of agony, and the nights of torture, as the wound became dry and hot, and the temperature 'rose.

By-and-bye, he is convalescent. He can sit up on the side of his bunk and scrawl a repetition of his oft-told tale of love to her at home; but hope is dead in him. He is of no use in the army now; he is discharged; turned loose on a cold world, maimed and broken in health and spirit, to shift for himself as best he can.

He survives the war. He is buffetted about, here and there, living, God knows how, as best he can.

Now he sells lead pencils on the granite steps of the Texas capitol.

"Buy a pencil, Doctor?"

*"Poor old Confed! Despised old Rebel!"*

"Yes, my boy,—a dozen of them. Here, give me *two* dozen; I'm clean out of pencils at home," I say (a pardonable lie, God knows). Neglected,—

despised,—alone. Had he been on the other side, where his brother was, he would now be drawing a pension from the government. Poor old Confed. Despised old "rebel." They told you a wound would be an honor,—and you a hero. Cruel mockery. Bitter deception. Your life blood shed, your youth wasted: all in vain. The "Lost Cause" is a memory. So is Lucy. She married the butcher, who staid at home and got rich.

Now you are waiting,—only waiting—the time when you may join your comrades in arms and misfortune, on the other side. You see already the "bivouac on the shores of eternity"; you hear the ripple of the waves as they dash upon its banks. You hear the bugle call to arms no more; you hear the "tattoo" and "lights out,"—and long for the time when your tired old bones may

"————softly lie and sweetly sleep,
Low in the ground; when
The soul,—God's glorious image, freed from clay,
In heaven's eternal spheres shall shine,
A star of day."

# OLD SISTER NICK.

## PIES AND PIETY.

WHEN I was stationed at Lauderdale Springs, Miss., in the extreme eastern part of the State, in the piney woods region, where I had charge of a ward in one of the general hospitals, said our Genial Visitor on another occasion, there was, amongst the refugees, quite a number of whom had flocked there out of the way of the yankees after Vicksburg fell, the most comical old lady you ever saw. She was generally called, by everybody, "Sister Nick," or "Old Sister Nick." She was "a lone widder woman," she used to say, and she had several slaves.

Her piety was something awful. It was simply overwhelming. She had a son, an only child, whom she affectionately called "my little Jimmie," who having been slightly wounded once, by pure accident, no doubt, for he was not of the kind to go where people get hurt,—"not if I can help it," he used to say,—was now on detail service, doing hospital guard duty. Jimmie was a great big six-footer, strong as an ox,—and had great shocks of fiery red hair, heavy eyebrows,—white eyelashes, and, keeping his mouth open constantly, he had a startled, idiotic appearance; looked more like an astonished hog than anything I can think of. He

had freckles on his face the size of a dime, and great warts on his hands that rattled like castinets.

*"The Lord will purvide."*
*Sister Nick, the pious.*

"Oh, Doctor, dont make fun of your friend that way," I said.

It's a fact, said the Old Doctor, and he shook

with good natured mirth at the recollection.

But Jimmie was "a good boy," as his mother often declared.

"The Lord will purvide," she used to say, as she

*Ellen, the pietst.*

sat knitting socks for Jimmie,—she was eternally knitting,—and I reckon Jimmie had as many socks as Bud Zuntz had undershirts, and like Bud's shirts, they were, as Ruth McEnery Steward says of them, "all Ma-knit." "Ef He will only spare me

my little Jimmie, I will always bless and sarve Him."

Jimmie and I used to go fishing together; good fishing about Lauderdale; tell you a good one about it some day, if you will remind me.

Sister Nick was a little pudgy old lady with small gray watery eyes, a little dab of a nose that looked like it had been stuck on after she was built, as an after thought; thin brown hair, turning gray, parted in the middle, and wound into a little dab at the back of her head not bigger than a hickory nut; a watery mouth suggestive of a kind of a juiciness not very appetizing to look at, especially so because of its being always the amber hue of snuff, which she was never without. She wore a faded calico wrapper,—apparently an orphan,—the only skirt she had on,—looked so, anyhow,—run-down slippers,—and she had the general appearance of a bolster with a string tied around it in the middle.

"Talking of good eatin', Sister Partrick," she said one day to Mrs. Patrick, my good mother-in-law,—heaven rest her,—she always pronounced it "Partrick,"—"talkin' of good eatin', Sister Partrick, jest set me down all by myself to a good biled hen, and I'm satisfied."

Ellen, her colored slave, was her mainstay and support. She was a famous "pieist," if not so famous for piety,—for Ellen would cuss sometimes,—and I dont blame her. Ellen made and sold pies to the sick soldiers,—and they had a per-

fect mania for pies. We forbade the sale of them at the hospitals; they,—her kind, being the most diarrhœa-provoking things imaginable; but the men would have them, and would get them, all the same. Rain or shine,—frost, snow or blizzard, Ellen had to be at every train that came in, early or late, to sell pies to the soldiers. "The Lord will purvide," Sister Nick would say. "As long as my little Jimmie is spared to me, and Ellen holds out to make pies for the poor sick soldiers, I hope we wont starve, Sister Partrick," and she would spit out about a pint of snuff juice.

"I puts my trust in Him, Sister Partrick," she said often. She was so pious she would cry; her little watery eyes,—always watery, would slop over every time she mentioned the Lord's name; and she was so famous for the quantity and quality of her piety and for Ellen's dyspeptic pies, that the boys used to say she had Ellen to sell pies at the morning trains to encourage "early piety."

"Oh, pshaw, Doctor,—that's the very worst pun I ever did hear in my life. I do believe you made up that whole yarn to get off that outrageous pun; go ahead with your story," said I. And Hudson and Bennett did not crack a smile.

Humph, said the Doctor; it's finished. You dont know a good thing when you hear it,—and he gave me and B. and H. a look of ineffable disgust.

## WHEN THE DOGWOODS WERE IN BLOOM.

### A FISH STORY WITH TRIMMIN'S.

LAUDERDALE was a big hospital post, there being four large hospitals there, built out on the lovely pine-clad hills, and built of rough pine lumber. There were assembled there quite a lot of congenial doctors and others, and of evenings, around the stove in the office of some one of the hospitals they would assemble more or less, and talk.

The druggist at the hospital where I was on duty was named Armstead. By his accounts he was a tremendous fisherman. Oh, the trout he had caught,—and the tales he could tell of wonderful exploits with rod and fly,—to say nothing of "wurrums," as he called them. Well, all winter he was talking of going fishing as soon as the dogwood trees put out; "a sure sign," he would say, that "the fish are biting." There was a pretty considerable-size creek running through these hills near the hospitals,—and in the swamps or bottoms, as they were called, were myriads of squirrels, wild ducks, 'possums, 'coons, pigeons and even wild turkeys; and further off, deer. Fine sport I used to have with the gun. Some other time I will tell you of our make-shift for ammunition, if you will remind me. You must recollect that every Southern

port being blockaded, trade and commerce with the outside world was cut off, and manufactured goods of every kind soon played out throughout the South. We were thrown on our own resources. The native cotton was spun and woven, and plain or striped cotton cloth,—"homespun," was the almost universal article of feminine wear. Of course, we could not buy powder and shot. Not a piece of calico was to be seen or had, except, perhaps, in the larger cities. Even home made hats,—home made shoes, the ladies had to come to. And I tell you now, some of those pretty "homespun" dresses, the cotton dyed with the walnut bark or some other indigenous dye, were not to be laughed at. A calf skin would bring a big price,—and even cat skins, if nicely tanned, were in demand. I had some satisfaction in wearing a vest made of the untanned,—hair-on, pelt of a certain predatory Tom cat that kept up a famine of frying-size chickens on my premises. I remember that I gave $600 for a pair of home tanned cow leather boots; and the last sugar I had before the break-up cost $80 a pound.

But I am away off; I started to tell you fellers a fish story, and promised to tell you how we made shot.

"Now, look here, Doctor," said Hudson and Bennett at once; "we want you to understand, we beg to gently intimate that there is a limit to our credulity. Making shot,—you know——."

But, boys, I'm telling you the gospel truth, said

the Old Doctor, with a hurt look. Confederate money, based on nothing whatever on this earth, nor in heaven, either, as to that, got to be so worthless that it hardly had any value, tho' you could buy anything that was for sale if you had enough of it; but there was no powder and shot, nor "store-cloze" for sale, I tell you. Why, I'll show you bills I have to this day,—bills that I have kept as heirlooms and curiosities, where I paid $10 per pound for butter, for instance, late in the war; and as early as '63 I saw a soldier draw a month's pay and immediately give it for a dozen apples. I have bills for bacon at $5 per pound, and lard, ditto. In Covington, Ga., in 1863 (I forgot to tell you about it while I was telling you other Covington experiences), I had occasion to amputate the leg for a lad in the country, the son of a wealthy flour mill man. He asked my bill, and I told him that in peace times it would be $50. A calculation based on that, at the then rate of discount, would make it $2500 in Confederate money; but that I would be glad if he would let me have its equivalent in bacon. I have the bill for that bacon today; it was $5 a pound.

But, my stars,—I'll never get to the fish story at this rate, said the Old Doctor: I'm worse at straggling than I was in the ranks. To resume where I broke off, tho' I've got another pretty good one about Confederate prices if you will just say "Meridian" some day.

One day Armstead said:

"Doctor, spring is here; the dogwoods are in bloom,—the fish are biting, sure."

"Reckon they are," said I.

"Wish I could get off one day to try 'em," said he.

"I think I'll try them tomorrow," said I.

"Oh,—the trout.—the trout I used to catch," said he. "Why, Doctor——."

"Oh, dry up, Armstead; you've been telling me trout yarns all winter. I'll show you something tomorrow," I said; and Armstead drew a deep sigh at the recollection, I reckon, of the fish he didn't "used to catch."

There is a big mill pond up the creek some distance above the hospitals, and I was sure there were good large trout in it. In fact, I had been told so by the owner of the mill. So, Jimmie Nick, as we called him (Nichols was his name, really), and I went up there next day. Below the mill there was a small but deep hole, into which the water fell from the "sheet" or shed, which laid on a level with the surface. We had no bait but red worms,—first rate perch bait,—but we fished diligently up the creek all the way to this hole under the mill, without getting a nibble.

While standing there we noticed a bream (a black, striped perch, the size of your hand; very plentiful about Jackson where Jimmie and I were raised, and their favorite bait is crickets,—those little black-winged crickets; you know what crick-

ets are, surely?) The bream had "shot" the little fall, and was floundering on the planks on which there was not an inch of water.

I knew a bream was a bream, at Lauderdale as at Jackson, and we knew they would bite at crickets. So, Jimmie and I dropped our poles, and went out into a corn field near by, and caught us a lot of crickets, and returning, rigged our lines for bream. To catch bream you have to be very careful of your tackle. They are a wary fish, easily scared away. They wont bite if they see a line, so you have to have a line that is very slim, a small hook, fastened to a snood, or piece of "cat-gut," it is called,—but it is not cat-gut. It is invisible in water, and that is the secret of success in fishing for them. Remember that; thereby hangs a tale.

In a little while Jimmie and I had rigged our lines, and soon had caught a long string of beautiful bream. Then we thought we'd try the trout. We call them trout in Mississippi, but it is the black bass as we see him in Texas, and they attain a weight from six to eight pounds; the usual size is from one to three pounds; three pounds is a large one in that section.

We got a boat from the mill man,—got a net also, and going on the pond above the mill, we soon had a lot of fine minnows or "roaches" for bait; and the best luck you ever did see we had that day. I got a three-pounder, a shonuff big fellow, and a lot

of smaller ones, none under a pound and a half. We were proud.

"Jimmie," I said, "we'll make Armstead go off and grieve, wont we? We'll make him bust wide open with envy,—for *he's* a fisherman, *he* is."

Returning to the hospital I walked proudly into the drug room where Armstead was putting up prescriptions behind the counter, with my hand behind me, and without a word I just flopped my big trout upon the counter right under his nose, the fish still alive and kicking. Oh, he was a beauty.

Armstead's eyes nearly popped out of his head. He sprang back in surprise, and exclaimed:

"Gee whillikens!—what a—b—i—g sil—ver side!"

I was too disgusted for utterance. I just walked out without a word. The fool didn't know a trout when he saw it, after all his blowing and bragging. Silver-sides are those little roaches,—look like sardines,—that we use as *bait*, to catch trout with.

* * * *

Next day every man, woman and child, negro and dog in Lauderdale was out there at that hole fishing. Our strings of bream and trout had set the village wild. Every vehicle and "animule" available was pressed into service, and such an exodus to Moore's mill you never saw. The commandant of the post, Colonel Nuckles (one leg off), and his wife were there; Captain Catlin, the provost marshal (crippled, of course, or he wouldn't have

been on post duty,—such was the exigency of the service; every man able to bear arms had to be at the front, I tell you). He was there with *his* wife; Surgeon Kennedy, the post surgeon and *his* wife; oh, everybody and his wife and sister and sweetheart was there. "Sister Nick?" Yes, she was there, too, of course; and all the young ladies,—and that being a refugee town there were lots of them; pretty, too.

Well, as Reel Kerr used to say,—they chunked the fish with buckshot. They had every imaginable kind of rig:—fish poles, corn stalks, limbs of trees, for rods; fish lines, cotton twine, spool thread, carpenter's chalk line, and even clothes lines for lines; and corks, and even quinine bottle stoppers for floats; and buckshot, nut screws, nails, for sinkers: liver, raw beef, grub worms, toads,—everything for bait but the right kind,—enough to scare every fish out of the creek.

Jimmie and I couldn't get off to go with the caravan, but we told them where to fish,—below the mill; that 'twa'nt no use wasting time anywhere else; that at that season bream were running up stream to spawn, and not being able to get past the mill,—why, of course, that hole was full of them.

About ten o'clock Jimmie and I went out. The party had surrounded the hole, literally. They were sitting in almost elbow touch all around the hole, and poles and lines innumerable were dangling over the water,—but,—na-a-rry a fish.

"Why, what's the matter, Colonel? I thought you'd have the frying pans going by the time we got here; you said you would, and wouldn't leave a fish in the creek for me and Jimmie to catch if we didn't hurry up?" said I.

"Ah, Doctor, you fooled us. Aint no fish in this hole,—else you caught 'em all yesterday," said the colonel, unmindful of the paradox.

Jimmie and I soon got our rigs ready, and were in the act of putting a cricket on the hooks when some one exclaimed excitedly:

"The Colonel's got a bite!"

"Pull him out, Colonel!"

"Give him line, Colonel!"

"Dont let him get the slack on you, Colonel!"

"Play him awhile, Colonel!" was the advice given the colonel all at once. Every one dropped his pole and gathered around the colonel to see the sport; the colonel had been doing some bragging as well as Armstead, and had the reputation of being a tremendous fisherman. There was great excitement.

The colonel was cool and collected, and he "let him play,—that is,—he didn't pull "him" out right away; that, he said, wasn't "science." When he thought it *would be* "science" to pull him out, he said:

"Now, then; watch me land him. Get the net ready, quick, and be careful,—for he's a whopper!" And bracing himself, he gave a pull,—and out

came——a miserable little skillipot terrapin about as big as your fist.

Jimmie and I put on our crickets, and in a few minits had bream enough to start the frying pan. After dinner we cleared away a place on the grass, and such a "swing corners," and such sparking and flirting we did have, to be sure; while old Dan, the colonel's colored carriage driver, played his fiddle with uncommon unction.

## CONFEDERATE STATES SHOT FACTORY (LIMITED—VERY).

OH, YES, said the Doctor,—so I did; I promised to tell you how we got ammunition for shooting squirrels, etc.

We would get a lot of minnie balls, or cartridges, if we just *had* to have it,—which was generally the case, the squirrels were so bad that it was dangerous to be without powder and shot; I knew one to bite a feller once, who was out of powder and shot. It was, by some, thought to be sinful to so waste cartridges,—they were to kill yankees, you know. So, loose balls or bullets, that was different, were the main source of supply.

One would take a piece of the native pine, a piece

of plank, about four inches wide and sixteen inches long,—but it was not necessary to be exact in these measurements,—"any old" piece of pine would do, —and cut grooves in it lengthwise, some five or six grooves. Then, tilting this plank against the inside of a vessel of water so as to make an inclined plane, the lead was placed on the upper end of the wood, and fire set to the wood. A piece of "fat" pine was selected;—that is, a piece rich in turpentine, as it would burn readily. Why, sirs, "fat light'ood" (lightwood), as it is generally called in the South, was the main source or resource, rather, for light, after " store" candles gave out, and especially far in the interior. True, many families made "tallow candles," but many persons also used lightwood; in fact, some old ladies I knew, said they "preferred" it when they couldn't get the tallow to make "dips," as they were called.

The bullets would melt gradually, and the molten lead would run down the grooves and drop in the water in the kettle. Well, now, they were *not* round,—that's a fact; but they were more or less, —generally less,—round, and as the Johnny Reb, who was laughed at for riding a calf on the march, said, it beat walkin',—so these fragments of lead beat no shot at all; and by rolling them under a flat iron we managed to make pretty good shot of them; good enough to kill a turkey with, even. By-the-bye, Dan'els, remind me to tell you about one I did kill at Lauderdale; it's a good one, as Dr.

Billy Yandell, the State Quarantine Officer at El Paso, Texas, will testify; he helped eat it.

No,—we didn't get a patent on the process of making shot. We gave the public the benefit of the invention, and the process came into general use wherever the blessing of fat light'ood was known.

## DR. YANDELL AND THE TURKEY.

TELL you about the turkey, now? said the Doctor. After a short breathing spell he said: As well now as any other time. All right.

Back of Dr. Yandell's hospital,—that was Dr. Henry Yandell of Yazoo county, Mississippi, a cousin of Dr. Bill Yandell, who, by-the-bye, was only a big "kid" at that time, an undergraduate in medicine, and was a sorter hospital steward or something, at his cousin's hospital,—there was a swamp, of which I told you, through which the creek runs, and where there was such good hunting. One afternoon I took my gun, and passing through Yandell's yard, one of the men said:

"Doc, I seen turkeys down by the bridge yistiddy."

"I'll go look for them," said I. "Thanks."

I hadn't gotten more than a mile from the hospital before I heard a turkey, "put"—"put." The woods were very thick. Looking cautiously thro' the underbrush I saw two turkeys on the ground, with their necks stretched, looking scared, and as if about to fly. Trembling with excitement (I had what is known amongst hunters as a "mild buckager,"—ague), I let drive with one barrel and knocked over one of the turkeys,—the other one running off yelping.

I ran to my turkey, terribly excited and all over of a tremble. The turkey was fluttering on the ground, and I caught it, and holding it up, discovered,—oh, holy horrors!—that one wing was clipped! The truth flashed on me in an instant. They were Dr. Yandell's turkeys, strayed off from the hospital. I could understand, now, why the other fellow didn't fly, but ran off, yelpin',—something no well bred *wild* turkey was ever known to do.

I had no idea of throwing it away. I was ashamed to take it to the hospital and own up like a little man. No Sir—*ree!* In fact, I was turkey hungry, and wanted the meat. Turkey was turkey in those days. So, I just plucked out the cut quills and buried them. The head of a "tame" turkey is much redder,—of lighter color than that of a wild turkey. This one, fortunately for me, was a black one, and looked very much like a wild turkey. I

took my knife out of my pocket, and cut gashes on the head,—on the "wattles," as the children call the nodulated growths on a turkey's head,—to let out some of the blood, so as to make it look sorter blue, —like a wild turkey's head, you know. I picked her up by the head, squeezing it so as to aid the blue-ing process, and marched boldly through Dr. Yandell's hospital yard.

"Hello!" said the doctor and young Yandell (now "Old" Yandell). "You got one, shonuff, Doctor?"

"Yes," I said; "There were about twenty (that was a whopper), but I only got one shot; they were so wild."

Yandell didn't notice the quills being pulled out; if any one had said anything about that, I had a lie ready to explain it: I was "going to make pens out of 'em" (for you boys must know that even the steel pens gave out, and we had to fall back on the primitive quill pens of the daddys. I was taught to write with one, and I'm not a Methuselah, however).

I invited Dr. Yandell, Dr. Seymour and young Yandell to dine with me next day and help eat the turkey. It was brown and savory, and quite fat. It was served with "fixin's," and was a real treat. Dr. Yandell in particular, was in ecstacies. Said he:

"Anybody who ever *tasted* wild turkey can recognize the superiority, the sweetness of the flesh over

that of a domestic, yard-raised, hand-fed turkey. This one, now, has a most delicious aroma of beech nuts,—a "nutty" taste, which is characteristic of the wild bird. This is d*elicious*, Doctor; you may help me to another piece of the dark meat, please. We have turkey at the hospital, frequently, of course," continued the doctor, between mouthfuls, "but I never eat it; tame turkey aint *fit* to eat, in fact."

I was just ready to burst with amusement, and could with great difficulty keep my face straight; but I did it,—looked as solemn as a judge, or as Hudson there, does, when the bill collector comes around. I hadn't even told my wife, or I couldn't, for the life of me, have kept from laughing; it was *such* a good joke.

To this day Dr. Yandell does not know the trick I played on him, nor does Dr. Billy. Seymour? Dead I reckon; haven't heard of him since. Yandell, while one of the jolliest fellows in the world, was still, somewhat touchy,—would shoot, as quick as a wink, and to tell you the truth I was always afraid to let him know that he had made such an ass of himself,—doing all that blowing while eating one of his own old hospital turkey hens. It's safe, now; he's in Mississippi.

## WISDOM IN A MULTITUDE OF COUNSEL (NIT).

AMONG the medical officers at Lauderdale at the time I am speaking of, continued the Old Doctor, the winter preceding the general smash-up of the Confederate States in April, 1865, there was a Dr. Thombus of Kentucky, a surgeon. He knew it all. He was my senior by about fifteen years, say, about forty years old. To tell you the truth, he reminded me more of "Tittlebat Titmouse" (Ten Thousand a Year), than any one I ever knew. Like Tittlebat T., he used to address the young ladies as "gals," and say "how you was?" He had charge of a hospital, and I had only a ward, in his hospital. In my ward the head nurse, or ward-master, was a young man named Newt Swain (I wonder what ever became of him? I'd like to know). Newt was reading medicine under my instruction, and he swore by me, both as a diagnostician and an operator.

In our ward was a man who had had a heavy fall some years previously, striking on the right shoulder. It gave him no trouble, for a while, but then the shoulder began to swell and pain him some at times, and he came to that hospital for treatment. Before coming he had received another fall, striking on the same shoulder. The shoulder was greatly swollen, the swelling extending up the

neck till it began to oppress his breathing; impinging on the phrenic nerve.

This man had been in this hospital a long time, the swelling being treated empirically, with iodine and blisters, without any one ever having made a diagnosis. No one knew just what the trouble was.

One day I noticed that the swelling was growing faster, and it was beginning to interfere seriously with the man's breathing; he had to take to bed. I called a consultation of all hands at the post, some fifteen doctors, big and little, and asked for an opinion on the case as to diagnosis, and what ought to be done.

After all of them had examined the patient, Dr. Thombus said:

"It's a fatty tumor, and ought to be cut out," giving his reasons for his diagnosis, and "proving it," he said, by Gross' Surgery, a copy of which he produced and showed us. Furthermore, Gross said it ought to be cut out. All the others agreed with him, until it came my turn, it being my patient, and I being the youngest of the party, I was last.

"What do *you* think, Doctor?" said Thombus to me.

"I have no definite opinion as to diagnosis," said I. "I'm rather puzzled over the case; that's why I called you all. But from the man's history, I very much suspect that it is a diffused aneurism, and that capillary hemorrhage going on in there now, accounts for the gradual swelling. I feel quite

sure it's not a fatty tumor, and I dissent from the proposition to cut it. If you cut down there (over the scapula), you'll get into a bleeding cavity, and not be able to reach the subcapular artery to tie it."

Thombus gave a horse guffaw. He said:

"By the time you've cut as much as *me* and Yandell and Henson (naming nearly all the others), you wont be so scarey of the knife, young man," attributing my dissent to timidity on my part, confound him, when, at that moment I had probably already done more "cuttin'," than he had.

"Well," I said, "If you *will* open it, I'll get everything ready for you, as it is my ward and my patient, and I'll turn him over to the surgeon in charge (T.), but you must ex-cuse-me, *if* you please. As Pontius Pilate said on a certain occasion I need not more specifically refer to, 'this man's blood be upon your heads' (or hands, I've forgotten P. P's exact expression); *I'm* going fishing." And after clearing the deck for action, as we would say now; war phrases are on again; that is, after making every preparation for the operation, I lit out.

Late that afternoon as I came up the road to the hospital, my string of perch swinging by my side, I caught sight of Swain, my ward-master and student, away down at the big gate, waiting for me. As soon as I came in sight he waved his hand and hollered:

"Aneurism, by Jo! Man's dead!"

## A NIGHT IN MERIDIAN.

WHILE stationed at Lauderdale, Miss., of which I have been telling you boys some things, I had occasion to run down to Meridian, which, as everybody knows, is on the M. & O. Railroad, some thirty miles below Lauderdale, and is the junction of the Southern, and some other roads. Every Confederate soldier, if not everybody in the United States, knows Meridian. It had the hardest name during the war of any place, unless it be Andersonville, Ga., the memorable prison. By-the-bye; let me digress here long enough to say that at one time I was ordered to Andersonville to take charge of that ill-fated prison hospital; and had I gone I should have suffered martyrdom instead of Dr. Mudd. It was perhaps, —nay,—no doubt, the most fortunate escape I ever made, not excepting that at Covington. I got off, somehow, I do not now remember on what pretext.

I had heard enough of the hotel at Meridian to know that it was the best place in the world to not stop at. Where is the Confederate now living who had not either been a victim of "Room 40," or heard tell of its horrors, by surviving sufferers?

The only alternative to going to that hotel of such notoriety, was to go to a little so-called hotel kept by an old man named Dr. Johnson. It was a little log house of two rooms and a passage way be-

tween them, to the back of which had been added two "shed" rooms, which, including the space corresponding to the passage way, made two longer rooms, one of which was used for the "dining room." There was a front gallery, as it is called in some places, "porch" in others, extending the length of the building in front, and on each end of this gallery after the demand for accommodation set in, a little room was boarded off with rough lumber. These rooms,—if they can be called rooms, were the width of the porch,—say, eight feet, and were eight feet in length; 8x8 feet "bed rooms." One of these cells was my bed room that night. There was no ceiling or plastering; nothing between me and the outside world,—the winter blasts, —except the "weatherboarding," the studding, or uprights, to which it was nailed being visible on the inside. It was a mere shell: there was no ceiling overhead. As I lay in, or, rather, on, my bunk, I could see the stars in the sky through the chinks and crannies of the roof.

It was a dreadful cold night, during the winter that preceded the general break-up,—the winter of 1864-5; the surrender took place the following April. By that time Confederate money had gotten to be almost worthless, but it was the only currency,—circulating medium—we had. We were less fortunate than our friends in North Carolina, who, it was said, used herrings for small change, and it was a common thing to hear a chap at a

"store" say: "Mister, gimme a herrin's wuth o' snuff." So, Confederate script had to go,—at some valuation.

I had to choose between this lay out and that "hotel" down town of which so many tough stories were told. This "Retreat," as the proprietor called it (mind you, in dead sober earnest, he was), was about half a mile from the business center,—"far from the world's ignoble strife," and from the "madding crowd,"—for there was most assuredly a *mad* crowd there, at least, always; and the maddest of the crowd was a fellow who having spent the night before in "Room forty" declared that he had had his socks stolen off his feet, notwithstanding he had gone to bed with his boots on.

Tell you about room forty? You never heard of it? Well, that's a fact; you belong to the new issue; Dan'els has been there.

It was called "room forty" because there were forty bunks in it, and it was made to lodge forty gray-backs. Soldiers were arriving at all times of the night, and after the other rooms were filled, the overflow,—and there was always an overflow,—were sent to room forty. The hotel was right at the depot, and was a two-story and attic plank building in a lamentable state of incompleteness,—was never finished. Room forty was the space up under the roof, between the floor and which there was nothing except the rafters, which "came handy," the proprietor said, "to hang things from."

And as an illustration of its utility there was hung from the center joist an old smoky lantern, and some forgotten or abandoned canteens. The floor space to the uprights or studding on each side, and not including the unavailable space under the eaves of the roof; unavailable, except as a repository of odds and ends of rubbish, and as a den for rats, cats and other varmints, was about 40x60 feet, and on each side of the room and down the center were rough deal bunks, each with its feather bed of straw and two gray horse blankets. That they were occupied by representatives of the *Cimex L.* family as well as by numerous *pediculi* is to be understood as a matter of course. Soldiers have told me that some fellers knowing this, yet being compelled to sleep, would swig enough Meridian whiskey to stupify themselves, and would snore through the night in defiance of the first settlers. Others, who could not sleep, would play cards, smoke and cuss all night, and hence the aisles between the rows of bunks were often filled with a rowdy crowd of soldiers. You can readily understand the delights of a night in room forty. Your slumbers would be accompanied by a chorus of snores, snatches of ribald songs, coarse jests and coarser oaths, all seasoned and scented with the fumes of villainous tobacco smoked in old stinkin' pipes,—to say nothing of the rumbling, the whistling, the lettin' off steam of numerous locomotives just beneath your bunk. "Which is why I remark,"

that hotel was the very best place in the world to not stop at; and that is why I sought Dr. Johnson's "Retreat."

The "Retreat" was situated on a hill west of town and just at the edge of the almost interminable pine forest that stretched away for miles in every direction. I registered,—there being some two or three other unfortunates there, and they had just finished supper,—finished it in a literal sense, as I will presently show. It was the invariable rule at that, and all other "hotels," those times, to require payment in advance. I stated that it was my wish to have supper, lodging for the night, and breakfast. I was told that my bill would be $300, which I paid, of course. It would have been the same at "room forty," and the alternative was,—pay or spend the night out doors.

I was shown into supper. The table was there, and some crumbs of cawn bread the others had not eaten; and in a large blue edged dish was a piece of very fat bacon, about as large as an egg, swimming in an ocean of clear grease,—simply lard in a liquid state. There was a bottle of alleged molasses,—it was home made sorghum syrup. These dainties, with a cup of "coffee" made of parched cawn meal and sweetened with the sorghum syrup, was the "menu." (Between me'n you I didn't eat a whole lot. There was nothing to eat.)

So, like Jack in the story, I retired supperless to—I had nearly told a lie; I was going to say

"bed." I retired to my room. It was lighted, or, it would be more proper to say—the darkness was intensified by a solitary tallow candle (home made, of course), about two inches long, stuck in the neck of an empty whiskey bottle. This, the "landlord," as all proprietors of "hotels" in the South are called,—I dont know why,—set up on a little shelf nailed up to the wall. I seated myself, after having received the well-meaning old gentleman's "good night,"—on the stool chair, the sole representative of the chair family present, and it without a back, and calmly surveyed my quarters; "viewed the prospect o'er." It wasn't "pleasing"; and "man" was *not* the only thing that was "vile" thereabouts.

The bed, which, with this stool, constituted the entire equipment, was a bunk two and one-half feet wide, built in one corner of the room, of rough scantling. On this was a coarse cotton sack filled with straw, and a pillow of the same soothing materials. There were the inevitable two gray horse blankets for covering,—no sheets,—and so help me Moses, this was the lay-out in which I was expected to get $300 worth of the "balmy." It was the longest night that ever was. I did not undress, but just laid down on the bunk with clothing, boots, overcoat and all on, and drew the blankets over me.

By that time my candle was burned out. They say "men love darkness because their deeds are evil." "There are others" who like darkness, or

rather (as do certain of the genus *homo*), take advantage of it to get in their work. In Meridian at that time, sand-bagging, garroting and similar pastimes were of nightly occurrence. I soon discovered that there were "others" claiming this luxurious couch; it had been pre-empted and was held by a large colony of the *cimex lectularius* family; they were there in force, and, asserting their rights, I had to vacate,—give possession. I did so with alacrity on the first "notice to quit." They began work on the tenderest parts of my anatomy the moment the candle went out.

Having before going up to the "Retreat" transacted the little business I had to attend to, and which brought me to Meridian, it was my intention to return home on the morning passenger train which passed up usually at 8 o'clock. What to do with myself meantime, was the problem that confronted me. Sleep was out of the question. No fire, no light, as dark as Erebus, and as cold as church charity. I had to exist in some way thro' the tedious hours of that long cheerless night. The very stillness of the small hours was oppressive. It was broken at intervals by the snort of some lodger more thick skinned than I, and who was evidently defying the *cimex* family, a sharp snort, with which his constant snoring was punctuated. The room was too small to permit any exercise, and I thought I would freeze.

Finally, I became so drowsy, so overcome with

the cold, that I concluded that as the least of two evils I would try the bunk again, more for the warmth of the blankets than in any hope of sleep. I laid down again, flat on my back, and pulled the blankets up to my chin.

In a short time I was in that strange condition known as sleep waking, in which the body is asleep, but the mind is awake, though the coördination of thought is interrupted. There was no fastening to the door,—the only aperture to the room,—and I went to sleep watching that door.

Presently, it seemed that *something*, something horrible and undefined and undefinable,—entered that door and came and tried to smother me with a black blanket, or something, and sat all over me, literally. I didn't know what it was; it was something black, and, you know in dreams we are never surprised at any incongruity, at anything, because it always seems quite natural. I could not get my breath. I tried to holler out, but I couldn't. I felt that I would be smothered before I could cry out. It seemed tho' that I slid from the bunk and got to the door, tho' the bed covers tangled my legs, and they felt like they weighed a thousand pounds, and I finally got out of the door and ran, with the black thing pursuing me like an overgrown and very ugly Nemesis. I suddenly found myself going headforemost over the precipice of an iceberg, that black thing right after me. The sensa-

tion of falling, which no doubt you fellers have experienced in sleep, aroused me, broke the spell, and with a start I sat up, throwing off of me a great gaunt gray cat. It had entered my boudoir from overhead, crept in on the rafters with which the overhead was ornamented, and dropping down noiselessly on my bunk, was calmly sitting on my chest looking at me. Ugh! As I threw him, her or it off, I dont know which was the worst scared, the cat or yours truly. As he, she or it crouched in the corner its eyes shown like the headlights of two locomotives. I opened the door, and striking a match, ran the cat out.

The prisoner of Chilon turned gray in a single night;—no, I believe he said "my hair is gray, but not with years, *nor* turned it white in a single night." However, be that as it may, I think I turned blue, black, green, grey and yellow by turns that night. Its horrors will live in my memory as long as memory lasts.

I still couldn't get my breath, notwithstanding the nightmare was gone. The blood all seemed to be centered at my heart, and I was nearly frozen. I swung my arms, stamped my feet, and beat my chest to see if I couldn't start the sluggish blood. I was afraid to go out doors and run; even if there had not been the danger of my freezing, and as said, inside the room there was not space enough to even walk about.

"Eagerly I wished the morrow;
Vainly I sought to borrow
From my (pipe) surcease from sorrow."

Narry morrow,—narry borrow. Luckily I had a supply of smoking tobacco and some matches, and I just sat bolt upright on that backless chair all night and smoked my pipe. I thought of everything mean I had ever done, and wondered if hell wasn't something like this,—cold, instead of hot, and where you have nightmare, with cats perched on your thorax. If not, I should have liked to make the exchange then and there.

Byme-bye, away along yonder when Orion had dipped below the horizon, and the Little Dipper was getting ready to dip; when the stars generally, preparatory to going off duty, were extinguishing their little lamps and had suspended the twinklin' business,—realizing that the sun was coming, and that they couldn't "hold a light" to him; when the first streaks of gray made their appearance in the east, I heard a lonesome rooster crow,—away over yonder. I heard the big shanghai next door answer his challenge, going him considerable "better" on the final syllable of his remarks. I heard a belated owl hoot, from the bosom of the adjacent thicket. I heard the frantic scream of a coming engine, coming as if it were in a hurry to get in out of the cold. I could almost, in the mind's eye,—see it blow in its hands to keep them warm, as you have seen

school boys do on a frosty morning. It was an up-train: going my way.

Ah, to the frozen, famished Greely party on their monopoly of ice, the sound of the steam whistle of the rescue ship was not more welcome than was that screamin' locomotive, running like a scared wolf, to my anxious ears. Not to the besieged at Lucknow was the "pibroch's shrill note," announcing the coming of Campbell with the camels, more welcome than was that same screamer, screaming as she approached Meridian, to yours truly. It was to carry me away from Meridian, from the scenes of that dreadful night.

By the time the train had arrived at the station I was there, and was soon snugly seated by the stove in the conductor's caboose (it was a freight train), thawing and thinking. In an hour I was telling my wife the adventures over a cup of sho-nuff coffee, and smoking waffles weltering in fresh butter.

I shall never forget Dr. Johnson's "Retreat," nor the hotel bill. I have no doubt it is the champion hotel bill of all creation, the biggest one on record for a night's lodging (alleged). I arrived after supper, sat up all night, and left before breakfast, and paid $300.

## A CHAPTER FOR DOCTORS.

SURGERY during the war was a very different thing from what it is now, said the Old Doctor, leaning back in my editorial chair, with his thumbs in the armholes of his vest, and with a dignified expression on his usually jolly countenance, as if to say, "I'm going to talk sense now." For, even at the best, with the best appliances, you know that it was practiced upon an entirely different theory. It was before anything whatever was known of the "germ-pathology." It was believed that suppuration was necessary to healing by second intention, and as healing by first intention could not be hoped for in larger wounds, and rarely in gunshot wounds at all, the aim of the surgeon was to promote suppuration as rapidly as possible; and the appearance, on the third or fourth day, of a creamy pus was hailed with satisfaction. It was called "laudable pus" (which clearly enough indicates what was thought of it). To that end, hot cloths were applied,—cloths wetted in hot water, and even in some instances, poultices.

I should state, however, that notwithstanding what I have said, it was routine practice after an operation, large or small, to put on "wet compresses," cold dressings, and to fix a tin cup over the wound, filled with cold water,—and a cotton thread led the water to fall, drop by drop on the

wound. It was only in the larger cities that ice could be had. I suppose the theory was, that cold would keep down excessive inflammation. When suppuration began the dressings were changed to warm applications to promote it.

In light of our present knowledge does it not look ridiculous? The intentional, though unconscious propagation of millions of pathogenic "germs,"—the prevention of which is the great object now, and constitutes the greatest triumph of the surgical art in the century! Think of the thousands of precious lives that could have been saved if Lister's great work had come fifty years sooner.

Experience soon demonstrated that a gunshot wound of any joint was almost invariably fatal,—and even a gunshot fracture of the femur by the methods of treatment, was so nearly always attended with fatal results that it became, early in the war, the rule to amputate for both; and that primary operation gave the best chances for recovery; that is, amputation as soon after the wound was made as possible. Think of the thousands of limbs that were sacrificed that could, under modern methods, have been easily saved. And, as to bruised, "contused" or lacerated fractures, not a moment was wasted, but amputation was at once done. How many thousand lives were lost through ignorance, want of experience, want of skill, want of suitable appliances will, of course, never be known. I, myself, once performed an amputation

with a pocket knife and a common saw. But for the most part the Confederate surgeons had instruments, such as they were; and it was a work of love with the women of the South to make bandages and lint. They often stripped their families and their households of sheets, spreads, and even skirts in order to supply bandages and lint to the hospitals. For the most part the women regarded the cause as holy, or next to holy, and they stopped at no sacrifice of personal possessions or comfort.

Hospital gangrene and erysipelas were the great scourges of the hospitals, and carried off more soldiers, I dare say, than yankee bullets did. We knew nothing, as I told you, of germ causation, and therefore nothing of germicides and antiseptics. The treatment was altogether empirical. I remember, somebody said that sulphide of lead was a sovereign application for hospital gangrene. It was not stated upon what principle it was supposed to act; but was just "good for" gangrene. I can recall now, the zeal with which most surgeons took hold of the new treatment, and we had to extemporize the remedy. I see now, the crude iron pot in which a lot of minnie balls are being melted. When melted, flour of sulphur was industriously stirred in until the mixture became of the proper consistency,—and when cool, it was a gray-black powder. This was liberally sprinkled on the wound; most often the wound was filled with it. I do not remember that I ever knew it to do any good. In

this connection I recall an experience that I shall never forget.

As officer of the day I had to sleep at the hospital a certain night. Gangrene was amongst the wounded. There was a boy whose wound, in the center of the left hand,—of course making a compound fracture of the metacarpal bones,—was attacked with gangrene. It was being treated by the method in vogue, when that night an artery,—the palmar arch, sprang a leak; that is, hemorrhage set in. The nurse called me, and by the light of a single smoky coal oil lamp, and with the assistance of a very stupid and sleepy nurse,—one of the convalescent soldiers, I had to amputate the hand. What is worse, for some reason not now recalled, the instruments were either out of place or locked up, or at any rate were not available, and I did the operation with the contents of a small pocket case and the saw that belonged to the carpenter, while my assistant held the lamp.

Think of the situation, ye up-to-date surgeons. I administered the chloroform, and had one eye on his respiration, while with the other eye, I directed as best I could the cutting process and the ligating of the arteries. The boy recovered; but the surgeon in charge,—it was Dr. Charles E. Michelle, still living, I believe, in St. Louis, gave me hail Columbia for not saving that boy's hand, or, at least, saving the little finger and the thumb; and he demonstrated to me (I was but a kid in years, remember,

tho' a surgeon of rank with him and the best of them; I was 24), and demonstrated to the assembled wisdom of the hospital how nicely the little finger and the thumb might have been saved, and what a comfort they would have been to the boy in after years in picking cotton, for instance. (He did not say "picking cotton"; that's a "voluntary.") I had kept the hand for his inspection, and "hail Columbia" was what I got.

### RECOLLECTION OF HAWTHORN.

You all knew Professor Frank Hawthorn of the University of Louisiana, of course, continued the Doctor,—after resting a little from the above recitation. Speaking of that case reminds me of an experience of his. He had a case with hemorrhage adjuncts. His man had been shot through the flesh in the bend of the elbow, but the artery had not been cut. Secondary hemorrhage set in, however, and as a lot of the big surgeons (he wasn't a very big one then, but he got to be, later), were at that post, inspecting and operating, Hawthorn put on a tournequet and controlled the bleeding till he could have them see the case and advise what was best to do. There were Dr. Ford, Medical Director of the army; Dr. Stout, medical director of hospitals; Dr. Pim, Dr. Saunders (now of Memphis), and others. Hawthorn showed the case and said:

"What is the best to do?" turning to Medical Director Ford.

"Well, I dont know, er—rer; what say, Stout?"

"Well, I dont know; er—rer; what say, Saunders?"

"Well, I dont know; what say, Pim?"

Hawthorn got impatient, and picking up a bistoury said:

"Here's what *I* say do": suiting the action to the word, laying the wound wide open at one sweep, and taking up the ends of the artery, had a ligature around it quicker than a wink.

This party of big surgeons came to the hospital where I was stationed. All the wounded that were thought subjects for operation were brought out one at a time, under the shade of the trees in the beautiful yard of the Hill hospital at Covington, for examination and operation, or otherwise, as decided by this tribunal.

Amongst those brought out on this occasion was a large Swede, who had received a gunshot fracture of the radius near the wrist. The question was, to resect (it was called "resect," tho' "exsect" seems to me would be more proper); that is, cut out the jagged ends of the bone, or to let it alone. It was decided to saw off the ends of the bone, of course.

The man was put on the table, but before chloroform was given, he said:

"Gentlemen, have I any say-so about this operation?"

"Why, certainly," replied several of the boss surgeons.

The man looked around at each face in turn, then pointing to me,—the only beardless one in the lot, and looking like a kid, he said:

"There's the man I want to do the cutting on *my* arm."

I did the operation like a little man, and my grateful Swede made a splendid recovery.

But I have digressed. I was telling you of Hawthorn.

Hawthorn went out as a private soldier in the 10th Alabama infantry when he was a fresh graduate of medicine. His regiment was at Pensacola. One of his company got shot through the foot, and all the surgeons were absent, fishing, it was said. Some one said: "Hawthorn, in this man's company, is a doctor,—get him!" They got him. He cut down and tied the posterior tibial artery,—the correct thing to do,—and when the surgeon returned,—it was Dr. Ford,—a little later, the medical director I have been speaking of,—he asked who had done that operation? saying it was a neat operation, and a creditable job. He was told that the operator was Private Hawthorn of the 10th Alabama. Dr. Ford immediately appointed him assistant surgeon, and a little later he passed examination and was made surgeon, and soon became known throughout the army as one of the ablest surgeons we had.

I want to record here, while I think of it, what has always seemed a very remarkable fact; it is

this: The Confederate surgeons were handicapped in many ways. We were short on chloroform, and had to use it as economically as possible,—we had none to waste. We had to use such as we could get and could not be choice as to quality. We couldn't specify that it was to be "Squibb's." Some that we used I know was adulterated. I remember a lot that smelled like turpentine. Well, sirs, I want to tell you now, that I administered chloroform and had it administered for me many scores of times, for all manner of operations and on all sizes and ages and conditions of men, and I never had a serious accident,—never a death from chloroform, nor had a man to die on the table during my whole experience as a surgeon during the war. I do think it remarkable, when I recall the perfect abandon,—the almost reckless manner in which it was given to every patient put on the table, almost without examination of lungs or heart and without inquiry. I can only attribute it in part to the fact that it was given freely,—boldly pushed to surgical anesthesia, and no attempt was made to cut till the patient was limber.

Nathan Smith's wire splint was a blessing to the Confederate surgeons,—a refuge, and a tower of strength. It is so simple, so easily and quickly made, so cheap, and so easily adapted to almost every fracture that it was generally used. We had no ready made splints, such as are on sale now everywhere. We made our own splints.

Before the war pneumonia was, in the South, nearly always of the sthenic type, and the lancet and antimony were the sheet anchors of treatment, followed by quinine, as the disease was most rife in malarial sections. The disease not only stood depleting, but demanded it. Naturally, when we first encountered pneumonia in the hospitals the customary treatment was instituted. It was exceedingly fatal, and it was soon seen that from the inception a sustaining treatment was demanded, and was found to be successful. That is, brandy (or whiskey if brandy could not be had), and opium and quinine became the standard. The disease seemed to have entirely changed its form; became asthenic,—and the Surgeon-General, Dr. S. P. Moore, actually issued orders prohibiting the use of antimony or the lancet, and I am not sure it did not include veratrum.

Well, sirs,—when we returned to civil practice naturally we followed the stimulating plan, brandy and opium, only to find that in many cases it was disappointing, and hence there was a revival in the South of the lancet to quite a considerable extent,—and that the disease in private life was again of the robust or sthenic form. I remember following the stimulating treatment and seeing others do it, and I can look back now and realize that many patients were actually killed by whiskey pushed too far.

You can readily understand that drugs and med-

icines, being what was called "contraband of war," soon became scarce and high priced. We were very soon thrown on our native resources, and had to make use of the valuable indigenous plants, with which the South abounds. Practicing medicine in the army was not like it is now; now, it is almost a luxury. A Dr. Porcher, of South Carolina, issued a book of the medicinal plants of the South, and it became a text book. The surgeons would send the convalescents to the woods to get willow bark, oak bark, black-berry root, dew-berry root, sassafras bark, scull-cap root, etc., and the bark of the slippery-elm tree was a blessing; we made poultices of it. Oh, the poor soldiers hadn't much of a chance in the hospitals, compared to those of the Federal army, whose surgeons had every necessary adjunct for the skillful practice of medicine and surgery. Think of treating the long fevers and the amputations, in the long hot summer months without ice. The mortality was fearful at best.

But, boys, I have violated my principles and the principles of my Retroscope in indulging in the gloomy reflections of the last hour,—but I promise you I will not do so again. I did it because I have been telling you fellows so many funny and ridiculous recollections that I fear I have conveyed but a feeble idea of what a hospital surgeon's life was during those terrible times.

Moreover we lived under the most absolute tyranny that ever existed. The conscript officers were

everywhere, and guards on the lookout for stragglers and deserters, and even an officer on leave of absence had to be very securely armed with the proper kind of papers to go anywhere. I was on a train once and saw the conscript officers take off to camp a man who was beyond the then conscript age, because he did not have satisfactory papers; and a man without them was arrested wherever found, and had to give a good account of himself, else a gun was put into his hands and he was sent off to camp, even if he had come to town to sell a load of wood to get bread for his family. I saw such an arrest made once, and the poor devil's wagon and team and load of wood were left standing in the street.

I procured leave of absence once, and went home. The first thing on arrival was to get a permit to pass unmolested throughout the county. If I went out of town a mile on any road I was halted and made to show my papers at every forks of the road.

But, upon the whole, I am glad I lived in war times. I trust to God that I may not live to see another war,—but I am glad to have been through that one, and to have seen and experienced what I did. First, I had a taste of a private's hardships,—and I tell you it was play, then, to what it became later; and I shall never cease to wonder how the boys stood it, and what it was that kept up their courage to such a wonderful degree,—for it is admitted that seldom in the history of the world,

since the days of Sparta and Troy, perhaps, has such undaunted courage been seen in the face of untold dangers and hardships. But, boys, I'm done. Good bye.

## IN THE LAND OF THE BLUE DOG.

### A LONESOME RIDE.

SAID the Old Doctor, taking his usual seat: Just after the war, when I was practicing medicine at Jackson, the capital of Mississippi, the home of my earlier days, I was requested by letter to go to one of the extreme eastern counties to see a case with a view to a surgical operation.

The eastern counties are, as I once told you, for the most part, piney woods, heavy sandy lands, no soil to speak of, except here and there where a creek or "branch" meanders through. These little creek bottoms, as they are called, afford at intervals little patches of tillable soil, and you will come across, at long intervals, a cabin, with its household of white headed children, and a yellow dog,—or a blue one, most likely; and near by, a small clearing, fenced in by brush, interwoven so as to even turn a rabbit, in which enclosure you will see a little crop of

stunted yellow corn, or a patch of bumble-bee cotton——.

"What is 'bumble-bee' cotton, Doctor?" said Hudson.

You *are* a greeny, shonuff. Dan'els knows. It's cotton that a bumble-bee can suck the top blossoms standing flat footed on the ground, said the Old Doctor, nearly strangling,—he laughed so hard at Hudson's unsophistication, and presently resumed his narrative.

The country is, of course, very sparsely settled off of the line of railroad, and mostly by the poorer classes,—"tackeys," "po' white trash," the negroes call them. Now and then there is a more pretentious farm, and a fairly well to do family; such an one as I was now on my way to visit. The stretches of pine trees and sand are interminable, and sometimes in a day's ride you will not see a living soul nor a sign of habitation; and they *do* say that when a jay bird, or a crow, has occasion to fly over, say,—Jasper county, for instance, if he is an experienced traveler or a close observer of events, or if he takes the papers, he always carries along a little sack of shelled corn.

In that section of country they have two or three names for a postoffice settlement; for instance, Damascus the natives call "Sebastopol"; Fairfield is "Bucksnort," etc. This I learned on the trip, as I will presently tell you.

Arriving at the nearest railroad station, I hired

a double team, and getting my directions to Mr. Garrett's, near Damascus, I lit out for a thirty-mile ride, all by my lonesome. It was early fall; a gloomy day; the skies were overcast, and the pines were soughing, as they do at the approach of rain. Oh, it's the lonesomest feeling imaginable. I rode and rode, mile after mile, through an unbroken monotony of those stately columns of long leaf pine and sand. Not a living thing did I see except a buzzard, and he had evidently neglected to carry the essential bag of corn, and had fallen exhausted by the roadside before he had crossed the desert.

By-and-bye, away towards sunset, my eyes were gladdened by the sight of a clearing. There was the little patch of yellow stunted corn, burnt up by the drought and the sun, and a little patch of bumble-bee cotton, and a rank growth of gourd vines on the fence of what had evidently been attempted for a vegetable garden and abandoned in despair. There had been a rail fence around the house once, but it was down and scattered; the yard was littered with paper and trash, and the house, which was a one-room log cabin, with a dirt-and-stick chimney, was closed, and looked deserted. The lethean stillness, stirred,—not broken,—by the funeral soughing and sighing of the pines, dying away in the bosom of the interminable forest, like the wail of some lost spirit, was only accentuated by the rapping of a red-headed woodpecker on the sonorous boards of the gable. My heart sank within me. I

thought I'd make one effort, any way; so I hailed:

"Hello!"

No reply.

"Hello!!" said I, louder.

Thereupon a blue and white hound dog, of the flop-eared species, crawled out from under the cabin, and putting all four feet together, humped his back,—gaped,—protruding a long, pointed tongue, turned up at the end like a hook, yawned, thus giving himself a good stretch, lazily remarked:

"Brew-er-er-er-erh!"—something between a howl and a bark, curling it up at the end with a rising inflection on the last syllable.

"Hello!!" said I again, louder.

The door opened, and a strapping girl of about sixteen, perhaps, bare legged to the knees,—bare footed,—with a dirty homespun dress on, came out on the porch, her yellow hair, cut off square all around, falling loosely on her neck.

"Can you tell me how far it is to Damascus, please?" said I.

"*Wh–wh–i–c–h?*" said she.

"How far is it to Damascus, please?"

"I kin tell you how far it is to the p–o–o–o–l?" she said, turning the "pool" up at the far end.

"What pool is it you are speaking of, Miss?" said I.

"They call it the se*va*ster-p-o-o-l," said she.

"Well, how far is it to Sebastopol, then?" said I, jumping at the conclusion that Sebastopol was the

Fig. 5.

home name of Damascus, my place of destination.

"Hits about *fo'* miles," said the girl. "You jes git inter ther road again, and keep on twell you git to ther top of ther hill, and then you jes keep on twell you git to ther bottom of ther hill, and then you cross ther creek, and then you keep ther *straight pool road* twell you *git* thar."

"Thank you, Miss," said I, and I drove on.

"Bre–w–er–er–erh!" howled the blue dog, and crawled back under the cabin, grumbling at having had his nap interrupted.

I had gone not over three quarters of a mile, I think, when I came to a log blacksmith's shop on the side of the road, and a plank cabin about 10x12 feet,—a country "store,"—closed. The smith was sitting in his door, smoking a corn cob pipe, and looking very lonely, and well he might,—for of all the God-forsaken, desolate wildernesses I ever saw, that was the worst. It was near night, and a white hen and a red rooster had already retired for the night on the end of a broken wagon, while two lean shoats were quarreling over the warm side of a litter pile against the end of the store. I said:

"My friend, can you tell me how much farther it is to Sebastopol?"

"This is hit," said the man, without rising, or taking his pipe from his mouth.

"*Which* is 'it'?" said I.

"This," he said.

"Meaning——?" I said, glancing around.

*"This is hit."*

"Yes; this shop and that store; that's Ratliff's; he's got the chillunfever; hits the *post*office, too," said the man, with, I thought, a show of local pride.

Rejoiced that I was so near the end of my journey, I dismounted, stretched my legs, and made inquiry how to reach Mr. Garratt's,—and in a little while was safely beneath that gentleman's hospitable roof.

* * * *

On another occasion Dr. Bob Horner, a classmate of mine, practicing at one of the railroad stations in east Mississippi, sent for me to meet him at his place and go with him in consultation to see a surgical case in the interior. You know I had come out of the war with a considerable reputation with the home folks of Mississippi, as a surgeon, and Bob thought a good deal of my attainments, anyhow. Arrived at the station at an early hour I was met by Dr. Bob with his spanking double team, and everything in readiness for the trip and the proposed operation.

We had to go about thirty miles, an all day ride. Driving is tedious in that heavy white sand, and there are the same monotonous, interminable stretches of long leaf pine. We had talked out, having kept up a pretty lively chatter up to and including our noon rest and lunch. The lunch consisted of two cans of cove oysters, two bottles of ale, and some crackers.

At noon we unhitched our team by a clear little

stream that crossed the road,—gave the horses some feed, and let them drink. Before opening up our lunch. Dr. Bob said:

"Hold on a moment, Doctor; there's white perch in this creek, and I'll catch some for our dinner."

I didn't argue the question with him; I supposed he knew what he was talking about. So Bob rigged up a line and hook which he took out of his clothes somewhere, and turning over a log secured some beetles or other bugs for bait, and going a little way up the creek, was soon angling for perch, while I was making a fire, as he had requested me to do.

He was gone not over fifteen minutes, I should say, when he returned, holding up for my inspection, four beautiful speckled perch, each about ten inches long. They were the prettiest fish I ever saw, tho' I was accustomed to what they call white perch at Jackson. These were silver white, mottled with purplish blotches, and as the little stream was as clear as crystal and as cold as ice, you may imagine they were a delicate morsel. I said:

"How are you going to cook them, Bob?"

"Watch me," he said.

Raking away the sand in a clear nice place, he put some coals in the opening. Killing the fish by a blow on the back of the head, and opening them, removing the gills and entrails, and sprinkling on them some salt, which he produced from a paper taken from his vest pocket, he wrapped the

fish in several thicknesses of newspaper, and thoroughly soaked the paper in the creek; then he laid them on the coals, and covered them with hot ashes and coals on top of that. "When the paper burns they are done," said Bob.

Meantime he had taken out the lunch, and spreading the lap robe on the ground for a table cloth, we spread our feast; and I tell you now I never, in my life, tasted anything that met my demands better than those white perch Bob roasted in the ashes.

We resumed our journey, and by four o'clock the horses were much jaded, and we had to take it slowly. We had soon relapsed into silence, each one busy with his own thoughts; it was awfully "bore-ous."

Presently, at the bottom of one of those long red hills that characterize a portion of that section, tho', for the most part the land is level, we came upon a covered wagon, drawn by two lean ponies, and filled with white headed children. Under the wagon a tar bucket hung loosely, and by it was tied a blue dog, of the genus "hound." Out by the roadside lay a larger, yellow and white dog,—dead. An old man with long gray beard was standing by, doing nothin' but lookin' sorry; a typical specimen of the "mover" class, or, as Dr. Willis King in "Stories of a Country Doctor," calls them, "branch water men." The old man had evidently just dragged the dog there and left him. By the man

*"Doin' nothin' but lookin' sorry."*

stood a tow-headed boy in butternut dyed jeans pants, a coarse cotton shirt, and gallusses of striped bed ticking, with his hands stuck in his pockets up to his elbows, for it was a little coolish.

The scene was so desolate, the old man looked so sad, I thought to say a cheering word, and perhaps get him into conversation; I didn't, of course, know what killed the dog; so, in the absence of anything better to begin with, I sung out, cheerily:

"My friend, did your dog die?"

He looked at me sorter sideways for about a minit:—"I *reckin* so, by G—d,—he's dead," said he with a scowl, and a look as if he'd like to cut my throat for a darn'd fool.

Dr. Bob knocked me on the back and just "ha,—ha'd." "A good one on *you*, Doctor," he said; "Now, dont you wish you hadn't said anything?"

"I do, indeed," said I, much disgusted.

Bob said that class resent anything of the kind, and that it is best to speak to them when spoken to. I told him that I had just been told as much by the "other fellow."

Bob called my attention to the fact,—he says it is a fact, that this class is as much characterized by the blue dog as the negro is by the "yaller" dog; and that the blue dog is found nowhere else than in the piney woods among the "poor folks," as they are universally called by the darkies.

But Dr. Bob's time came soon, said the Old Doctor. Just before dark,—the chickens were flying

up,—we came in front of a nice white house, a Mr. Gregory's, a pretty well to do farmer. The house sits back from the road some little distance, in a pretty lawn, surrounded by a neat white fence,—evidences everywhere of thrift, contrasting strikingly with the absence of it almost everywhere else, and with the desolateness of the surroundings generally. Bob said:

"Here, Doctor, hold the reins; I've got to give these horses some water; they look fagged out, and we have eight miles to go yet."

Just then a great big black dog, a fierce looking fellow, got up and gave a low growl.

"I'm awfully afraid to go in there; that's a terrible dog. I know this country from one end to the other, and I've heard of Dave Gregory's dog."

"Here, boy," said the doctor to a lad standing near the dog. "If you'll hold that dog till I get two buckets of water, I'll give you a quarter."

"All right," said the boy, and he seized the dog around the neck. "Come ahead," said he, "I'll hold him," and he pushed the dog to the ground, and with his arm around him, laid down on top of him.

The doctor, taking the bucket from the foot of the buggy in one hand, and the heavy driving whip in the other, holding it by the small end, ready to use it as a club if necessary for defense, went cautiously in, circling around the dog, and keeping a sharp eye on him.

He got the water and watered both horses; and just before getting into the buggy, said:

"Boy,—dont turn that dog loose till we get started,—and here's your quarter on the gate post."

"All right," said the boy; "down, sir" (to the dog).

As Bob got into the buggy and took hold of the reins, he said:

"That's a pretty savage dog, aint he Bud?"

"He *uster be*," said the boy.

"Use to be?" said the doctor; "aint he bad now? Wont he bite?"

"Bite nothin'," said the boy, pocketing the quarter. "He's b–b–b–b–blind, and so old his teefs is all dropped out."

"One on you, now, Doc," said I. "Dont you wish you had your quarter back?"

## JIMMIE WAS ALL RIGHT.

IN MY neighborhood, said the Old Doctor, lazily throwing one leg over the other, and borrowing a chew of tobacco from Hudson, the only one of the *Journal* staff that uses it that way, there was a nasty little cock-eyed bricklayer named Lynch. He was a "Hinglishman," he said, from "'Arrowgate." His wife was a pretty decent sort of a feller; but he was too mean to eat enough.

He had a way of coming over to the drug store, —I had a drug store then,—and asking Bob, the clerk, what was "good for" so and so. He never sent for me in his life, and never bought over ten cents worth of anything in the drug store. His big "holt," as he said, was "Seen-na" and salts. Jimmie, his son, was down with chill and fever, and he was giving him calomel, and about three grains of quinine a day,—he was too mean to buy enough,—and Jimmie got no better, fast. About the fourth chill Jimmie had, they gave in, and sent for me. I prescribed *enough* quinine, and prevented the paroxysm. At my next visit I found him well, and I accordingly said:

"Jimmie's all right now; he can get up tomorrow."

"Yes, *Jimmie's* all right," said his mother; "I knowed that last doste of calamy I gi' him would set *Jimmie* all right."

I went out and kicked myself, said the Old Doctor.

* * * *

Lynch had a dog and wouldn't feed him. The dog, thrown on his own resources for a living, used to go hunting for young rabbits, which, in summer, were plentiful even on the outskirts of town. Lynch saw him with a rabbit one day, and *took it away from him*. Fact! Talk about mean men,—and the Doctor looked just too disgusted for anything.

## CIRCUMSTANCES ALTER CASES.

### ANY PORT IN A STORM.

AFTER the surrender, you know, the South was garrisoned with negro troops, said Our Fat Philosopher, seating himself, and with a reminiscent, far-away expression on his usually jolly phiz. It was exceedingly offensive and humiliating to the people, and was very bad judgment on the part of the authorities,—if it was their desire to have peace and kindly feeling; for it often provoked clashes that should have been avoided.

At Jackson, my boyhood home, the negro sol-

diers of the garrison committed many depredations; stole fruit, hogs, poultry; anything they took a fancy to or needed, and it was winked at by the officers, white men tho' they were. They were very insolent, also, to the "conquored rebels," as they contemptuously stigmatized the whites. No use to appeal to the commandant; there was no redress. So, citizens now and then got into very serious trouble by taking matters in their own hands. You all may remember that Colonel Ed Yerger of Jackson, was so outraged because the commandant at that post, in his absence, sent and seized Mrs. Yerger's piano, because the colonel had not paid his share of the tax levied by the commandant for street improvement or something, that on meeting him on the street Yerger stabbed him to death. It was Colonel Crane, I think his name was.

But, well, I'm off; Colonel Fleet Cooper, the editor of the Jackson paper at that time;—no, he wasn't a shonuff "colonel," you know. In the South all editors are "Colonels," you know,—saw some negro soldiers in his orchard, and shot at them, but without injury. I think it was birdshot, and was only done to scare them.

He was roughly seized and hurried into town (he lived in the suburbs), and taken to the lock-up. He was roughly handled; unnecessarily so, for he made no resistance,—and was even beat over the head. They were in such a hurry to get him locked up that they wouldn't even give him time to get his

hat. I can see the crowd now, rushing, almost dragging him through the streets approaching the center of town, bare headed, in the broiling hot July sun, his poor old bald head glistening in the sun like burnished brass as they hurried him along to the jail. It created a good deal of excitement. But what could the people do? Disarmed, subjugated, had taken the oath,—entirely at the disposal of a provost marshal. Nothing. But they talked. They could express their indignation in impotent cuss words; that was all.

That night in the lobby of the hotel there was quite a crowd collected, and they were discussing the outrage. On the outskirts of the crowd there was a stranger,—a man in a long linen duster and a black slouch hat pulled well over his eyes. He had the appearance of having been riding, and had just arrived, dusty and untidy. His presence did not attract attention, because at that time there was a great deal of traveling, and there were a great many strangers coming and going.

In the crowd was an old citizen-farmer, an old toothless feller, well known thereabout, named Major Lanier,—why "Major," I dont know. He was too old to have been in the army or to have taken any part in the war. His nose and chin were about to meet over the remains of a mouth, now shrunken and flabby. He was particularly indignant.

"Served 'em right! Served 'em right!—the

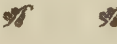
black scoundrels," said the major, emphasizing his words with a thump on the floor with his big stick. "No business stealin' Colonel Cooper's apples. I wish he'd a'killed all of 'em. Served 'em right, says I."

The stranger, whom no one had noticed particularly before, stepped up to him, and opening his dust-coat and throwing it back revealed the chevrons on his collar,—it was the colonel commanding the garrison of negro soldiers,—said:

"You damned old rebel scoundrel,—you say it is right to shoot a union soldier for taking a few green apples?"

"Was they green? Was they *green?*" quickly exclaimed the old major, who was terribly frightened and began to tremble and to apologize. "Oh, no; not if they was *green.* I wouldn't shoot a soldier for taking a few *green* apples. No, *I* thought they was *ripe.* No,—not if they wasn't ripe. No; I wouldn't if they was green——." And he backed out of the crowd still mumbling his disclaimer amidst shouts of laughter. A close call, but the major thought "any port in a storm."





# UNCLE HARDY MULLINS; OR, THE WAYS OF PROVIDENCE.

UNCLE Hardy Mullins? Did I promise to tell you about him? said our ever welcome Fat Philosopher this bright morning. So I did.

"Reverend Hardy Mullins," or "Uncle Hardy Mullins," as he was universally called, had been raised in the piney woods of Mississippi, the benighted section of sand, blue dogs, white headed children and "po folks," as the negroes called the whites of that section. He had been "called to preach," a sort of superstitious belief still held by certain people. You all know how it is,—"called," —well,—by "a voice in the air,"— or, *somewhere*, or, as Dr. Willis King says of Joe's excuse to the teacher,—"hit *moughter* been a hoss a 'nickerin'."

Uncle Hardy was about 75 years old,—totally illiterate, but he had been preaching so long he knew the Bible almost by heart, but was not able to locate any quotation. He used to say: "You'll find my text betwixt the leds of the book." He looked like one of the Patriarchs mentioned in the "book," his long white beard reaching nearly to his waistband. Of course, he was itinerant; hadn't charge of any fixed "work" or congregation, hence he preached mostly in the country, amongst people for the most part as untaught as himself.

Just after the war, preaching in the little log school house to the neighbors over in Rankin county, across the river from Jackson, he said on the occasion when I had the privilege of hearing him:

"My brethren, all things happens for the best. That's been my doctrin' and my belief all my life. Hits recorded in the scripters that to him as has faith, all things happens for the best in God's good time. I have faith. I b'leve everything happens for the best; I *will* b'leve it; I *must* b'leve it, because the good book says so. But, my Christian friends, we has our trials and our temptations,—our hours of unbelief, and I has mine, and I pray, "Oh, Lord, help my unbelief," and he hears me. Sometimes hits mighty hard to b'leve. When we loses a child, or a friend, for instance, hits mighty hard fur to b'leve that hits for the best, 'spec'ly when ef hits a man he leaves a pore lone widder 'ooman and six little orphan children, but God knows best, and we must bow to His will.

"Now, I come home from the army after the break-up, and my little house was burnt; all the fences burnt; my two mules stolen, and nothin' on this green yerth left me 'cept a blue sow;—and *by the grace of the Lord, she pigged in the spring,* —givin' me a show for my meat in the fall, and the mule I rid all endurin' of the war where I was chapling to Captain Carr's comp'ny.

"But I took heart. I got the nabers to jine in,

and we put up a little log house. I borrid a plow, and with that one pore so' back mule, I broke up a little patch for cawn. The cawn was up and in the tassel, and needed one more plowin' to lay it by. Hit was promisin'; and with my growin' shoats I thought to stave off starvation for a while longer, and I was puttin' my trust in Providence, when what should happen but some of them nigger sogers from the garrison over thar (pointing with his thumb over his shoulder in the direction of Jackson), jes' stole my mule, and killed and carried off the *l–a–s–t one* of my shoats, not even sparin' the old blue sow."

Here the old fellow paused and "wiped away a tear"; and leaning over the pulpit, said, with emotion:

"Now, brethren and sistern: That *may* have all been for the best,—but I'll jest be everlastin'ly durned my old buttons if I can see it!"

## THE LITTLE HU-GAG, AND THE GREAT AMERICAN PHIL-LI-LIEU.

AMONGST the renters on my place just after the war, said the Old Doctor, for you must know that at the break-up when we came home from the war we were all dead broke; and those who had once owned cotton plantations and slaves and mules, etc., found themselves possessed of nothing on this earth but barren land. Houses burned, slaves freed, fences destroyed, mules stolen or taken for the army, by one side or the other. Well, we had to do something, or starve. I put up a dozen or more log cabins and rented twenty or more acres to small white farmers (not that the farmers were small, but they farmed on a small scale). They were of the class of people who, before the war lived in the poor, piney woods portion of the State; a class who never owned any slaves, and for whom the negroes, slaves as they were, entertained a cordial contempt. "Poor white trash," they called them. Well, as I started to say: Amongst those who rented from me and occupied my tenant houses, was a family named Parsons. The family consisted of the father, mother and two cubs,—boys about 14 and 16 years of age. No use trying to describe them; you fellers must be familiar with the "cracker" or "tackey" type of Southern people, especially common in Georgia.

The two boys were good workers, and were in the field soon and late, and made good crops. But their daddy,—the "old man,"—he was not old;—but, do you know, the women of that class always call their husband "old man,"—even tho' he may be 20, and *vice versa*,—he calls her "old 'ooman,"—he was the apotheosis of laziness. He was too lazy to stop eating when once under good headway (provided the grub didn't give out). He rarely ever got to the field till near knocking-off time for dinner at noon, on one excuse and another.

I remember one spring morning when corn was growing, and then was the time, or never, to work it to insure a crop, Tom and Bill were in the field and had been since daylight. Parsons hung around the steps of our back porch, where Robert and I and some others were sitting smoking and talking,—telling of what he had seen and done in Georgia, an inexhaustible subject with him. There was nothing, anywhere, and never had been, except in Georgia,—"Jawjie," he pronounced it. Why, sirs, he even declared that in "Jawjie" postage stamps were larger, "purtier,"—would last longer and carry a letter farther than elsewhere on earth, and that moreover they didn't cost over half as much as they did in Mississippi. He yawned, and looking up at the sun,—by now nearly overhead,—said:

"Gee,—I didn't know it was so late. I have made

arrangements to borry some meal for dinner, and I guess I'll be gettin' to the field."

He was the most intolerable brag. Nothing you could relate but he could cap it with something he had seen in "Jawjie."

One afternoon in summer, after crops had been "laid by," and the men had some leisure, Parsons and several others of the tenants were gathered around the back steps of my house talking to Robert and John, when I came up with my gun from a ride to see a neighbor's sick child. I didn't take my gun to see the sick child, you understand,—I see you smirking,—but thinking I might shoot some squirrels on the road, as it lay through some hickory and oak timber, and nuts were getting big enough for them to sample. As I dismounted and approached the group, Parsons said:

"Didn't see nothin' to shoot at; eh, Doc?"

"No," said I,—"nothing but a miserable little hu-gag, and I wouldn't shoot him,"—looking at John and Robert with a wink.

"A hu-gag?" said Parsons; "I reckin' we call it by a different name in Jawjie; what sort of a thing was it you saw?"

"Why," said I,—"dont you know what a hu-gag is? You must have seen many a one."

"Of course I have," said Parsons,—"but I dont know it by that name."

"It's a small gray animal——."

Parsons nodded his head:

"Just so," he said.

"——with sharp ears like a fox,"—continued I, he interrupting me, giving assent to each item as I progressed; "Oomph-hno" (a very common form of assent in the South, unspellable, but you all know what it means, said the Old Doctor, aside), "Oomph-hno," said Parsons, "the same thing, exactly."

"——Hind legs a little longer than front legs," said I, "and——"

"Exactly," said Parsons,—"same thing; plenty of them in Jawjie, only larger——"

"——dark stripe running down his back to his tail," said I.

"Same thing," said Parsons,—"we call 'em——

"——short stump tail," I continued, Parsons nodding assent to everything, and much interested.

"——with a little brass knob on the end,"—said I, with perfect gravity.

"Eh? eh?" said Parsons, caught in the act of nodding assent; and you ought to have seen how cheap and sheepish he looked, and how he slunk off, while the boys just hollered.

And here the Old Doctor laughed his good natured chuckle.

* * * *

Another time, said the Old Doctor, Parsons and a lot of the farm hands, tenants,—were lying on the grass late one afternoon in summer as I came up again with my gun,—for, understand, I was a

scandalous rifle shot, as the niggers say,—and always toted my squirrel rifle when I went to see patients in the immediate neighborhood. I glanced at Robert, who knew that something was coming. I said:

"Robert,—over there back of Waller's corn field, in that ravine, you know, where the niggers say "sperits" live, I saw the darndest animal I ever saw in my life. (I wouldn't look at Parsons, for fear of a "give away.") "I described it to old Dixon, and he knows it all, you know, to hear him tell it. He said he had never seen one,—did not know there were any in this country; thought they belonged to a mountainous country; but from my description, he said, he had no doubt that it was the Great American Phil-*li*-lieu."

"What sort of a looking thing was it?" asked one of the men.

(Parsons was lying on his side, propped up on one elbow, chewing the end of a straw, and trying to look indifferent.)

"It was just the queerest looking thing imaginable," said I. "It had a great thick-set head like a boar,—bristles on its back;—was a dark brown color, and about the size of a rabbit;—and the strangest part of it was,—that it had two short legs on one side and two long legs on the other, 'especially adapted,' Mr. Dixon said, 'for running around the side of a hill'; and Dixon says the only way it can be caught, being very fleet of foot, is to head

him off,—turn him back, thus causing his long legs to be up-hill, and his short legs down hill, when, unable to run, he just rolls down to the bottom of the hill and is easily caught."

"Ever see one, Parsons?" said one of the men. "Got any of 'em in Jawjie?"

Parsons yawned and stretched himself,—and with as much unconcern as he could assume, said:

"Never seen but one, and hit was a young one."

## THE DOCTOR SEES A LADY HOME.

A DOCTOR has a heap of funny experiences, said the Old Doctor, but some doctors are so solemn that they have no sense of fun, and some are so darned pious,—or stupid,—which? that they cannot see the point of a joke. The best of them dont always appreciate a joke on themselves; it requires something of a philosopher to do that; eh, Dan'els?

I was thinking of a good joke on myself that occurred in my dandy days, when I was a considerable of a "s'ciety man"; when I used to put grease on my hair, and wear kid gloves and pretty neckties with a pin stuck in 'em, and visit the girls. Why, I used to dance, even,—the round dances—.

Now, look a'here, you fellers. I see it on your faces that you dont believe it. Because I am so fat now, you needn't think I was always clumsy. Why, once I was nearly as skinny as Dan'els,—and here the Doctor shook all over with merriment at the contemplation of such an absurd possibility;—and they *do* say, he continued, that Dan'els was so slim, that at the San Antonio meeting of the State Medical Society, a dog followed him around all day, thinking he was a bone. And here the old fellow just made the furniture rattle, he shook so, and his face was so red I thought he was going to have apoplexy.

At that meeting, he resumed (the fellers told it on him), a country man asked Dan'els if he had ever had the dropsy? Dan'els was indignant, and said:

"No; what on earth makes you ask such a question?"

"I didn't know," said the feller, "and I was jest a reflectin' that if you *had*, you was the *best cured case I ever saw;* and I've got a sister what's got the dropsy, and I was a'goin' to ask you to recommend me to your doctor."

You bet he lit out when he saw that Dan'els was mad. But I've got off the track again; where was I at?

Oh, yes. I was a very considerable of a beau at that period. I attended receptions, and went with "the best society"; went everywhere;—picnics,

boat sailing, etc.; even took buggy rides with the girls. I was a young widower,—and they *do* say that a widower in love is just the biggest fool on earth. Now, I wasn't in love, I want you to understand; but I was just sorter "lookin' around," as Tim Crane said to Mrs. Bedott. I went to church, —always; the fashionable church. It was in Galveston, directly after the war. Coming out of church one bright sunny Sunday morning, with a sharp eye on the alert for pretty girls, I saw a pair of bright black eyes looking through the most provoking veil, as presently a neat figure, clad in nice silk dress with all the trimmin's,—parasol, gloves, —stepped up by my side and said:

"Good morning, Doctor."

I said: "Good morning, Miss er—rer,"—not recognizing her, but I didn't, of course, want *her*, to see that I didn't; so I pretended to know her. My first impression was that it was Miss Fannie Blank, whom I had met at a dance the night before, and who had impressed me so favorably that I had mentally determined to cultivate her acquaintance. So, I thought, what a lucky chance to make a beginning! I said:

"Allow me to see you home." (That was the "conventionality," the correct thing, at that day.)

"Certainly," she said, and seemed much pleased at the prospect. All the while I had been trying to get a good look at her face, but on account of that confounded veil I couldn't see anything but a pair

of very black eyes; couldn't, as the doctors say, make a diagnosis.

We chatted along indifferently,—I keeping on safe ground, and feeling for light, till we had reached the corner where I knew Miss Fanny should turn off; but this one didn't turn off; she kept straight ahead. By-and-bye, talk ran out. I was gettin' mighty scarce of something to say. I said to myself: "Well, now; here's a pretty situation. A practicing physician,—a college professor at that (I was at that time professor of anatomy in the Texas Medical College), *and* a lady's man,—a society high-flyer, walking home from church with a black-eyed woman whom he cant diagnose." But I had to keep up appearances that I knew her and was perfectly at home, you understand. (I wished I had been, literally, at home.) But I was nevertheless hard up for something to say. Observing for the first time that she was accompanied by a little girl of about 12 years of age, rather cheaply but cleanly dressed, it is true, I said:

"Bye-the-bye,—who is this little girl with you? I really do not recognize her?" (I thought her answer would perhaps give me a cue.)

"Why,—that's Maggie," said the black-eyed unknown; "dont you know Maggie?"

"Why,—bless my soul," said I. "So it is Maggie. How de do, Maggie? You have *grown* so, I didn't know you."

"Why," said the woman, "you saw her yesterday."

Thus trapped I didn't know what to say, so, said nothing, but kept up a mighty sight of thinkin'; reflecting what a good joke was then goin' on on a stuck-up feller about my size.

Presently she said something about her husband. "Heaven and earth," I mentally ejaculated; "worse *and* worse. Walking home from church with a strange woman, *married* at that, whose husband, when I get there, may not be fond of jokes; may not like it a little bit"; but, catching at anything to relieve me of the Maggie *faux pas*, I said, cheerily:

"By-the-bye, where *is* your good husband? I have not seen him for some time?"

"Oh,—he's *dead*, you know," reproachfully responded the unknown.

"No!" said I; "surely not *dead?* I hadn't heard of it; I'm *very* sorry—."

"Why, Doctor, you attended him; dont you remember? Only a short while ago. He died of yellow fever on his lumber schooner," replied she.

"My stars," I said to myself." "Here am I,—a fashionable high-stepping society swell, a tony physician, *and* a college professor (for I *was* a stuck-up fool, sure enough), walking home with a black-eyed woman, a *widow* at that, whose husband was in the lumber trade and died on a schooner! My! what a joke if Miss Fanny and Miss Bessie and my

runnin' mates amongst the society fellers should ever get hold of it."

But I was determined to see it out.

By this time we had arrived at a part of the city rather disreputable;—straggling shanties and poor folks, down towards the bay shore, and I was utterly bewildered, so much so that I didn't recognize her even then. So, opening a dilapidated gate, and kicking a yellow dog out of the path, the woman said:

"Wont you come in, Doctor?"

"Come in? Why, of course, I'd come in. I wanted to see her take that confounded veil off. Bless your souls, boys, it was my washer woman! Fact. And Maggie was the little bare-legged gal that brought my shirts home of a Saturday evening. I collapsed. She had to fan me ten minutes before I could speak, and *she* thought it was the heat.

You bet I was the worst crestfallen dude in that town, as I slunk home the back way.

But it was too good to keep, even if it *was* on me, and I told it. How they did rig me, to be sure.

## FINE POINTS IN DIAGNOSIS.

THE *Journal's* genial philosopher, who occasionally illumines the hard worked editor's dreary office with his glowing countenance and drives away the blue-devils, dropped in one day lately, as fat and jolly as ever. He is kind enough to say he *has* to come in, once a month to "load up";—on what, he does not say; like the cars that carry the storage battery, have to go to the dynamo for their supply of lightning, we suppose. My private opinion is, he comes to unload, and we are always glad to receive the discharge. At any rate there is a kind of a mutual admiration existing between the office and the Philosopher.

Without any ceremony the Doctor sat down and began, in *medias res.*

Hudson, he said (Hudson was closely engaged in footing up expense account, to see if he could make it come inside of receipts,—I was laboring on a manuscript that would have discounted Horace Greeley's worst specimen,—Bennett was writing a love letter,—while the office boy was whistling "Henrietta,—have you met her," keeping time by a tattoo with both hands and both feet). Hudson, said the Doctor, I've got a good one on Dan'els,—and here he chuckled till the shovel and tongs and the other costly office furniture rattled.

You know Dan'els is a great dermatologist (I

dont think),—got a big reputation for skin diseases—down at the Wallow, any way. I've got a case of skin trouble down there that's pestering me, and after I had done for him everything *I* knew, I brought him up here to consult Dan'els. I thought it was eczema, and treated it as such; told Dan'els I thought so. Well, the patient,—his name is Skaggs,—he is a sorry lookin' cuss,—said he had scratched till he was paralyzed in both arms. He rolled up his sleeves and his britches legs, and Dan'els put on his specs and examined it carefully,—asking him some questions. Then he raised up, and removing his eye-glasses,—said, impressively, and in that grand oracular manner he has,—emphasizing with his forefinger:

"It's *psoriasis,* doctor; *psoriasis gyrata;*—a well marked case; a *beautiful* case. You see, doctor, the distinguishing features are,—the uniform elevated areas of infiltrated tissue,—and the enclosed areas of sound skin,—and the uniform redness,—and the persistent dryness; but, more than *all,* its occurrence *only* on the extensor surfaces. Now, you see, doctor, this man has it on the extensors of arms and legs, and on his back;—the absence of it on the breast and abdomen—."

"Here, you," turning to Skaggs,—"Never had it on your belly, did you, Skaggs?"

"Belly, nothin'," said that individual; "Why, Doc, *hits all over me;* wuss in front than any place else."

And here the jolly doctor laughed till the tears ran down his cheeks in streams a foot deep.

## ONE ON THOMPSON.

REMINDS me, said the Doctor,—when he could quit shaking,—reminds me of my old partner, Thompson,—when we were practicing together down at Hog Wallow. He had a case of chill and fever that gave him a lot of trouble. He had done for it about all that could be done, but the chills wouldn't *stay* broke more'n about three weeks. One day we were sitting in the office criticising Dan'els' last editorial in the "Red Back," *Texas Medical Journal,* and Thompson was telling about a case he had cured after everybody else had given it up,—when in comes his ague case.

"Well, Doc," says he, with a most woe-begone expression; "I had another one of them shakin' agers yistiddy."

"Well, Lorenzo," said Thompson, throwing himself back with an air, and sticking his thumbs in the arm holes of his vest,—"I'll tell you what *you* do: You know that big spring down back of your house? The run, you know, always keeps up a big

damp place there; that's the cause of your chills; it's *malaria*, you know. Now, you plant *sunflowers* all down that spring branch; sunflowers absorb all the malaria, you know; that will break 'em up sure pop; never knew it to fail."

"Lor, shucks, Doc," said Lorenzo, with a cadaverous smile,—"that spring run's been growed up with them sunflowers for *four years* and more;—acres of um."

"Damn it," said Thompson,—"then *cut 'em down*."

## HALCYON DAYS.

I SEE by the papers, said our Genial Visitor, that today is Commencement Day at the Texas Medical College. Dan'els, do you ever think of the time when you got your sheep-skin? To me it was one of the most trying ordeals of my life, except, perhaps, that time when the yankees killed me, and I reckon it's the same with most boys. "In the spring time the young man's mind lightly turns to thoughts of love," says Tennyson; but the average medical student crams on Smith's Compend, and prepares for examination. With hesitation,

trepidation and perspiration, he approaches that green baize door which, veiling his future, conceals a terror in the shape of a bald-headed professor, in whose hands hangs the destiny of many fellers, each, not by a thread, but by a string—of hard questions. "Happy they, the happiest of their kind," to whom Pat, the janitor, hands a long round tin box next day, while with a grin, he suggestively protrudes his left hand for the expected fee, never less than a V.

Who so proud, then, as they,—the fledglings,—the new born medicos? as when next they meet, the old, familiar "Tom" and "Harry" are dropped, and it's "Good morning, *Doctor;* accept my congrats. Didn't old Blimber make a fellow sweat?"

"Oh, pshaw, *Doctor,* he was *nothing* to old Bones when he got me on the ligaments. I was up-to-date, tho', you bet: *crammed.* So long, *Doctor.*"

(Another two):

"Ah, good morning, Doctor; got through, I hear. Yes, it *was* tough. Be on hand tonight, of course, with your swallow tail." (Exit.)

The palpitating part of it had only *begun,* however, in the green room. (How provokingly old Bones *did* grin when he asked them to "give him the ligaments of the neck.") All those young M. D.'s have to stand the battery of bright eyes tonight at the Opera House; and in that large and fashionable audience, all a-flutter with fans and fur-belows, every young feller has a bright particular pair

of eyes that to him look like the rising sun, as he steps out in response to his name to get his sheepskin; while to the owner of said pair of rising-sun orbs, that particular name on the program, it may even be "Grubs,"—blazes with a holy light, quite eclipsing all the others. (And the band played Annie Laurie.)

Then, the first time *she* calls Harry "Doctor."—oh, not for the crown of an Indian prince would he exchange that proud title. (We've been there, tho' it was in the long, long ago, memory brings back the days that are no more.)

And, at the ball; and after the ball; what "medicine," (heart excitants, mostly, I fear), is talked, as, arm in arm, each happy couple promenades beneath the vine-clad trellis, or————drop the curtain here; the "sweetness" of that "faithful watch dog's honest bark," that Byron tells us about, "baying deep mouthed welcome," as, in after years we "draw near home,"—any rainy dark night, after a ten-mile ride for a bare "thankee," is just only brown sugar to double distilled saccharine, compared to the bliss of those moments, spent with Dulcinea the first evening he wore his title and his pigeon-tailed coat; as they told and listened 'neath the umbrageous shades of those grand old oaks, to the old, old tale; it is always the same; told with variations often, perhaps, but always the same old tale,—and ever new; told with the eyes; for "the heart doth speak when the lips move not,"—so that

when flashed from a woman's eyes, even a savage can comprehend "two souls with but a single thought," etc. Ah, me; would I were a boy again, —or, rather, a young doctor, sprouting his first mustache. How much medicine we did know at that time, good gracious. "The wonder grew," sure enough with me, that "one small head could carry" it.

Now, I'm going to tell you a joke about that same head. I havn't *got* a small head; I've got a big head.

About six years subsequent to the events I'm telling about (that is, the occasion on which I received my diploma), I was, myself, a professor, and had to ask the boys hard questions; I was "Old Bones" myself. One day coming out of the hospital where I had just been lecturing,—I had on a new spring style hat. One of the students admired it, and asked to look at it. I took it off and handed it to him. He tried it on, and it came down over his ears. The boys laughed at him, and he remarked:

"Doctor, you have a very large head."

I said: "Yes, larger than the average, I believe."

One young scamp looked roguishly out the corners of his eyes at me and said, slyly:

"It's a little swelled, aint it, Doctor?"

Well, yes; I believe now that it *was* swelled. I can look back at that period of my life,—in fact, at most of it, and realize what a fool I was. I do think now that it was a mercy that the fool-killer never

got me, and sometimes I think it's a pity he didn't.

But I've digressed. I was saying that in our young days we are very conceited, and think we know a great deal of medicine. It takes an average lifetime to find out that we dont know anything worth mentioning, as Dickens said of Mr. Bailey's nose; he had none "worth speaking of." Somehow, one's head seems to leak medical knowledge, as the bones harden and the sutures close up. Just the reverse of what we would expect,—but it is a fact. I think most doctors of my age will admit it,—the older we get the less we know. Crowded out, p'raps, to make room for a recollection of our uncollected bills (or our unpaid ones), or by family cares, and calculations how we are to make a $2 fee buy shoes and stockings for the baby, and a new bonnet for the dear wife, she of the sunrise eyes of long ago.

Ah, yes; springtime *is* "commencement" time; and the output of the new issue of (I like to have said "green-backs," or "government bonds," so absorbed was I in studying out the above financial sphynx), the output of the new generation of doctors is large. I have not kept a memorandum of the total, each college is making them by the score, out of raw material (very raw, some of it), that beyond a doubt, will make the future Sir Andrew Clark, the S. D. Gross, the Austin Flint and the Marion Sims of the next generation.

To them all; to those who are properly imbued

with the love of science; who have chosen medicine not as a money-getter alone, I say,—*"aim high."* What was possible to the poor Southern boy, Sims, Wyeth, Nott; or to the lamented Quimby, or Jno. B. Hamilton,—a farmer's boy,—is possible to you. Do not put away your books now that you have your diploma; you have only *graduated*,—you have not finished,—you have only begun, prepared yourself to study and learn. Today is truly your "Commencement" day. "Drink deep, or touch not the Pierian spring." Let not alone the sunrise eyes of your beloved inspire you; determine to win for her a place where in after years, she may not be ashamed of her young doctor. "The hill whereon Fame's proud temple shines afar" *is* hard to climb; but it has been climbed. What others can do, you can do; so, my dear boys (I *beg* pardon), dear young doctors,—aim high!

But after the new has rubbed off; after a life of toil, too often thankless, most often unremunerative, things look a little different to the doctor, dont they, Dan'els? You know; you've been through the mill; so've I.

Now, by contrast (I've just given you fellers a glimpse of the panorama as she spread out at the start), I'll give you a picture drawn later in life. I'm reminded of it by the foregoing reminiscences of commencement day. This thing I'm a giving you now,—here, Hudson, read this,—was written by yours truly for a young lady whom I thought a

heap of, one time. She jokingly said that doctors "put on" a good deal; that it was all stuff about their having a hard time, etc. Just for fun I wrote this for her, and my wife got hold of it, and like everything else I ever wrote, *she*, kind, trusting soul, thought it was "smart." (Hudson reads):

### THE DOCTOR'S LAMENT.

(TO HIS LADY LOVE.)

That's what I called it, said the Old Doctor, before Hudson began to read; but it might appropriately be called "Days that wasn't quite so halcyon,"—eh, Dan'els? (Hudson reads):

"Your life leads down by peaceful, tranquil rivers
Whose shady bank the cool sea breeze invites;
While mine,—alas, is spent 'midst torpid livers,—
And similar sad and melancholy sights.

To you the perfumed air is rich with sounds
As sweet as when first Sappho's harp was strung;
While I, in sun and dust must take my weary rounds
To feel a pulse, or view a coated tongue.

The choicest books beguile your leisure hours,
And soothe to sleep, or wake to sympathetic tears;
But woe is me,—I spend my feeble powers
'Midst fever's fervid heat, or, checking diarrhœas.

You sleep in peace on soft and downy beds,
And dream, perhaps, of flowers in sun-lit lands;
While I, no doubt, am soothing aching heads,
Or humbly giving aid by pulling hands.

Your lovers kneel before you in rapturous adoration,
And tales of love in mellifluous measures pour;
Creditors besiege me;—they are my abomination,
And moneyless patients daily throng my office door.

Thy gentle pen, anon, the choicest thoughts indite,
That dwell within thy gentle breast, or tender mem'ry fosters;
Prescriptions, I, with stubby pencil write:—
'Recipe: *misce et fiat haustus.*'

Riches I bring thee not, to pride's exactions fill,
Nor offer thee, as I could wish, a handsome marriage portion;
Wilt thou despise my only store,—a pill?
Or deign to take, perchance, a pharmaceutical lotion?

Alas, alas, my lady love, I tire indeed of these
Old scaly scalps of seborrhœa and eczematous hands;
Let's trim our sails to catch an outward breeze,
And *endosmose* in pleasant foreign lands,—

Away beyond the seas, on some peaceful, starlit isle,
Where rythmic wavelets break on coral strands;
There, there'll be no more fever, pus nor bile,—
And a'down the happy years we'll pull each other's hands."

## THE DOCTOR SEEKS COMFORT IN THE BIBLE.—WHAT HE FOUND.

DAN'ELS, said our jolly, fat friend, as he dropped lazily into our easy chair this sultry afternoon, and wheeled himself in front of the electric fan, do you ever read the Bible?

"Cert," said I, too much overcome by the heat of the weather, and the coolness of our visitor, acting alternately on our sensibilities, to even finish the sentence; but added mentally, "what do you take us for?"—"Why, Doctor?"

Oh, nothing, said the Doctor, as he touched the button of our electric "hand-em-around," which we had recently put in, and helped himself to a twenty-five cent Havana, which we keep on hand only for paying subscribers; only I was thinkin'. I have heard the dear, good, old people say there is a deal of comfort in the Bible,—and, recently, I was feeling very uncomfortable,—in fact, I was sick, and thought I was going to die; I was scared, I reckon, and I got down the Bible and began to look for comfort; but—here the Doctor sighed, and shutting his eyes, evidently was deriving comfort from the fragrant weed.

"Didn't you find it?" I inquired.

Find nothin'. There was mostly "begittin's" and "begots" in the part I read; and there aint much comfort in that,—to the other feller,—is there,

Dan'els? and he chuckled a good natured chuckle and went on:

But I found something there that set me to thinking; Dan'els, what are mandrakes?

"*Podophyllum peltatum,* commonly called May-apple; purgative;—plenty of 'em in Mississippi, where you and I came from; ask us something hard," said I, holding up from proof reading a moment; "why, Doctor?"

You are away off about your podophyllum, Dan-'els, said he. Mandrakes, in Bible days, at least, were something valued very highly, especially by the women folks.

Well, I'll tell you the story, and then you'll see what I'm driving at.

It's the 30th chapter of Genesis. You know Jacob got stuck on his uncle's little daughter, Rachel,—Miss Rachel Laban, was her name,—and made it all right with her, but the old man was close at a bargain, and he made Jake serve him, 'tending cattle, etc., seven years, before he would agree to the marriage; and then put up a job on him. When the seven years were out, the old man shoved the oldest daughter off on him, Miss Leah. Of course, Jacob kicked, but the old man says, says he: "

"Why, Jake, you soft head,—didn't you know 'twas *unlawful* to give the youngest daughter in marriage before the older sister had stepped off? Go to."

So, Jake took him at his word, and *went* the two, as we will see presently, as it was agreed, if he would serve *another* seven years, he could have Rachel also, and it came to pass; in seven years more he got the one he was after, and shook Miss Leah.

Meantime, however, Leah had a nice little boy named Reuben, and by-and-bye, when Jacob and Rachel were dwelling together in bliss and harmony (and a tent, I suppose), and poor Leah, the cast-off, was scuffling for a living, with no one to help her but little Reube,—something happened with mandrakes in it. The Bible records it, and it must be so, and it must be very important; that's what's puzzling me.

In the 14th verse, chapter 30, of Genesis, it says:

"And at harvest time, in the wheat fields, Reuben found some mandrakes, and took them to his mother." Rachel says: "Give me of thy son's mandrakes." Leah says: "Is it no small matter that thou hast taken away my husband, that thou wouldst take away also now my son's mandrakes?" "Therefore" (there*for*, I suppose), he shall lie with you tonight," says Rachel. "Done," says Leah. So, late that evening, when Leah saw Jacob returning from the field, she ran out to meet him, and says, says she:

"See here; you have to stay with me tonight, for I have *hired you with my son's mandrakes.*"

"Tut, tut, Doctor; hold up there. What are you

giving us?" said Bennett, Hudson and I, all in chorus,—while the office boy went into a paroxysm of dry grins.

Fact, says the jolly doctor. Now, what *are* mandrakes? What did Rachel want with them so bad that she was willing to lend her husband to a rival woman for just a few of them?

As showing they were not the May-apple, as you say, which ripens in May,—Reuben found them in harvest time, which must have been in August or September; and as illustrating the value of them, in addition to the fact of hiring out her husband for them,—Leah rated them of value next to her husband,—she says:

"You have taken my husband; now, would you take away also my son's mandrakes?"

As a man would say: "You have taken my houses and lands, now, will you take also my cattle and horses and money?" He wouldn't say: "You have taken my land and houses, now would you take away also my cat?" If mandrakes had been some trifle, Rachel would have offered some trifle for them, and not, the very first pop, offered that which was dearest to her,—it usually is to most women,—her husband's caresses.

Now, I've got an idea, continued the fat Old Doctor, as he touched the other electric button, and poured himself out a sherry cobbler with ice in it, and a straw, from our other patent electric automatic dumb waiter, which the *Journal,* like all

other truly wealthy people keeps for the convenience of callers at our sanctum. I'm of the opinion that it was a "yarb" of *some* kind,—good for female complaints, and that Rachel was the original Lydia E. Pinkham, the concocter of the celebrated "vegetable compound."

I can imagine now, with my eyes shut, her advertisement in the *Judah Herald*, or the *Canaan Evening News*, something like this:

"Mrs. Rachel Jacobs (*nee* Laban), announces to her suffering female friends and the world at large, that she has, at an *enormous sacrifice*, obtained a supply of fresh mandrakes, which she has put into her justly celebrated vegetable compound, and now offers it at a dollar a bottle (6 bottles for $5); warranted to cure all female complaints, etc.. etc. Get the genuine."

If *not*, Dan'els, what *are* mandrakes, and what do you think of the incident recorded in Genesis?

With that the good doctor unlimbered, and taking his feet off of the desk, slowly got up to leave, and looking back over his shoulder, said:

"If you find out about those mandrakes, let me know. I'm going to search the Scriptures *again;* there's no telling what I may find. Ta-ta, Dan'els; so long, boys; see you again."

And the sunshine went out with him.

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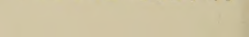

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